



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



THE ADVENTURES
OF
NEVIL BROOKE;

OR,

HOW INDIA WAS WON FOR ENGLAND.

BY

CHRISTOPHER JAMES RIETHMÜLLER,

AUTHOR OF "TEUTON, A POEM," ETC.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON: GEORGE BELL & SONS, YORK STREET,
COVENT GARDEN.

1877.

(All rights reserved.)

251. d. 910.

LONDON :
PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS,
STAMFORD STREET AND CHABING CROSS.

CONTENTS OF VOL. III.



BOOK IX.—CALCUTTA.

CHAP.	PAGE
I. INTRIGUES	1
II. COMPLICATIONS	18
III. SURAJAH DOWLAH	36
IV. THE BLACK HOLE	62

BOOK X.—STILL IN BENGAL.

I. CLIVE TO THE RESCUE	76
II. DISAPPOINTMENT '... ..	93
III. PLOT AND COUNTER-PLOT	106
IV. A DISCOVERY	118

BOOK XI.—PLASSEY.

I. THE COUNCIL OF WAR	132
II. THE BATTLE	141
III. THE PURSUIT	156
IV. THE PRIZES OF VICTORY	176

BOOK XII.—OLD ENGLAND.

CHAP.	PAGE
I. HOMEWARD BOUND	190
II. ALL ROUND ST. PAUL'S	198
III. EXPECTATION	215
IV. A FEW LAST WORDS	223

THE ADVENTURES OF NEVIL BROOKE.

BOOK IX.—CALCUTTA.

CHAPTER I.

INTRIGUES.

As Nevil entered Pondicherry, he met a company of soldiers, with crape on their colours, and other signs of mourning. They were returning from the Chevalier's funeral, a ceremony never long delayed in those climates, and the sound of a martial air had already succeeded the dead-march. Sorry and sick at heart, Nevil hastened to the hospitable mansion, which in former days had given him rest and shelter.

An old Hindoo servant informed him, that Mademoiselle de Ste. Croix could see nobody.

Madame Dupleix was with her, and strict orders had been issued that no one was to be admitted to the house. He sent in his name, but was told that the young lady was too ill to receive visitors. He left a message that he would return on the following morning, and went in a desponding mood to transact his business with the Governor.

Monsieur Godeheu welcomed him with punctilious politeness, and Nevil soon saw that there would be no great difficulty in agreeing on the terms of a truce. The fact was, that on both sides the instructions from home were imperative to come to an arrangement, and the desire for conciliation was clearly visible in the interviews and correspondence which followed. It will be sufficient here to say, that these negotiations soon led to a suspension of arms, to be followed shortly after by a provisional treaty, which confirmed the two nations in possession of their several settlements, but pledged them to withdraw from participation in the native quarrels. By this compromise, Salabut Jung remained Soubahdar of the Deccan, but Mahomed Ali was left undisturbed as Nabob of the Carnatic.

To return to Nevil's private affairs, when



he again called at the house of the Chevalier, he met with the same reception as before, and this was repeated on several subsequent occasions. He was told that Mademoiselle de Ste. Croix was too much absorbed in grief to be seen by any guest. He asked for the Ayah, but was informed that she could not leave her mistress. He had recourse to letters and messages, but no answer was vouchsafed him. Even a bribe to the servants failed to procure him any definite intelligence. At last, he posted himself resolutely in the doorway, and declared that nothing but force should remove him without a more satisfactory explanation. He was then admitted to the court-yard, and there, beneath the well-remembered arcades where he had spent so many pleasant hours, Madame Dupleix came forth to meet him.

She was still very handsome, but Nevil saw a marked change in her countenance. Traces of care and disappointment were visible in her features, and her fine eyes gleamed with a baleful and angry fire. She saluted her visitor with formal ceremony, and spoke to him with a forced calmness that seemed to cover a flood of suppressed passion.

"I did not expect to see you here, Monsieur Broc," she said, "after you had been assured that it was impossible for Mademoiselle de Ste. Croix to receive you."

"I am prepared to justify my intrusion, madam. You must be aware, that I claim an interest in that young lady which was sanctioned by her late father."

"I really know nothing of the kind. Louise has told me, that you paid her many agreeable attentions, and that she had a sincere regard for you; but that nothing was settled, and that her father had never given his consent to any engagement. Whatever may have passed, matters are quite altered now. The poor child is overwhelmed with grief, and has no thought of love or marriage. She intends to enter a convent, and will probably take the veil."

"Enough has passed," said Nevil, "to make me insist on hearing this determination from her own lips. I demand an interview as my right, and will not be satisfied without it."

"She has begged me to tell you, Monsieur Broc, that she hopes you will spare her the pain of such an interview. She sees things

in a different light from her former childish delusions. She feels it would be impossible to wed a foreigner and a heretic. It would be cruel, as I am sure it would be useless, to attempt to shake her resolution."

"I must know whether it is her free, unbiassed resolution, and I must hear it only from herself. You will excuse me, madam, but I have yet to learn by what title you claim to speak in her name."

"Is it the custom in England to leave a young girl without protection? or is it so wonderful that I should take charge of the orphan child of an old friend? I came at once to Louise in her distress, and she looks on me as a mother."

"It may be so, madam—but I am prepared to afford her the protection of a husband—and until I see her, and she tells me in so many words that all is at an end between us, I shall not renounce my pretensions."

"This persistence is unmannerly, Monsieur Broc, and you force me to answer that you cannot and shall not see her. You English are not yet masters in Pondicherry, and a French lady may still hope to be safe from your persecution. Have you any more to say?"

“Yes, madam, I have a great deal more to say. If you were really this young lady’s mother, I should appeal confidently to your maternal feelings. As it is, I have reason to believe that you are no friend of mine, and that your influence will be exerted against me. I must therefore protest against your authority, and demand who is the legal guardian that the Chevalier has appointed for his daughter.”

“And I must decline to answer your questions, Monsieur Broc, and request you to bring this conversation to a close. Why should you think that I am not your friend? I am sure I took pains enough to polish your manners when you were a boy. But I fear you have forgotten my lessons, and are relapsing into the ungallant ways of your countrymen. Believe me, you must only marry one of the strong, stiffnecked daughters of your cold Albion.”

“I have forgotten nothing, madam, and I shall not forget. I understand you to mean that there is to be open war between us?”

“Oh! if you will,” she said, with a bitter laugh. “I have no doubt you English will be very brave in a war with women!”



Nevil with difficulty repressed the answer which rose to his lips. He restrained himself, however, and only bowed in silence as he took his departure. It was clear that he could obtain no information from Jan Begum, and that he must have recourse to other measures.

The first place he went to was the convent where Louise had been at school. The Lady Superior received him with kindness and sympathy, but she could give him no tidings of Louise. She had sent to offer an asylum to her former pupil immediately on hearing of the death of the Chevalier; but the answer returned was that Madame Dupleix had taken charge of the young lady, and considered her in every respect as her own child.

Then Nevil repaired at once to the Governor, and laid the whole story before him. Monsieur Godeheu, though full of business, listened to him with interest, and promised to make the necessary inquiries.

“But you must grant me a few days before I can hope to satisfy you. I am very much occupied, as you see—and my relations with Monsieur Dupleix are such that I should wish to deal as delicately as possible with any

members of his family. I should not like to use my authority unless absolutely required."

Nevil was obliged to content himself with this answer, and to wait, however impatiently, for the result of the Governor's investigations. It was only at the end of several days, when he called on that gentleman with letters from Mr. Saunders, that Godeheu reverted to the subject with some embarrassment in his manner.

"I very much regret—although it is no fault of mine—that I have nothing satisfactory to communicate with regard to the affair on which you did me the honour to consult me. Mademoiselle de Ste. Croix has left Pondicherry."

"Left Pondicherry! May I ask when, and for what destination?"

"Within the last few hours, and I believe for Bengal. Monsieur Dupleix tells me that she wished to become a nun, but that his wife could not consent to this without the permission of the young lady's guardian. She has therefore been sent to a convent at Chandernagore, to await the arrival of that person, who is expected from the North."

"Has your Excellency ascertained who this guardian is?"

“Yes, I have seen the Chevalier’s testament, and have no doubt on the subject. It is the Jesuit missionary, Father Clairvaux—a man of high character for piety and virtue.”

“I know the Father well, and have the greatest respect for him. I only hope that Louise—that Mademoiselle de Ste. Croix may come safe into his care. But your Excellency may be assured that some secret intrigue has been going on—I know not with what motive—to keep this young lady from her friends; and I cannot but feel the most painful anxiety on her account.”

“Oh! you must not exaggerate, my dear sir. A French girl will be perfectly safe in a French colony. But I will write at once to Chandernagore, to learn all about her. In the mean time, we must (if you please) give our attention to these letters.”

So Nevil had to go back to public business with a heavy heart. It was soon after this that the convention was concluded between the two nations, and that Monsieur Dupleix sailed for France.

On the day of his departure, Nevil went down to the shore to see him embark. A vast crowd had assembled, through which the

fallen Governor passed with the same firm step and haughty air that had distinguished him at the height of his power. No outward sign betrayed the tumult of contending passions that must have agitated his breast. But it was not so with Madame Dupleix. She shot around fierce and defying glances, and when she caught a glimpse of Nevil in the crowd she gave him a smile and a nod that were full of malicious meaning. He turned away with a kind of shudder, and a feeling that this implacable woman had left some malignant influence behind.

As he walked slowly from the spot, he felt a slight tap on the shoulder, and turning beheld Monsieur Kirjean confronting him. This encounter did not tend to soothe him in his present mood.

"As if I had not enough to vex me," he said to himself, "I suppose I shall now have a quarrel with this coxcomb. It really almost puts me beyond my patience."

"A word with you, sir!" said the Frenchman, lifting his hat with a flourish. -

"At your service, sir," replied Nevil, and the two young men withdrew a little apart from the throng.



"I am about to join my uncle on his voyage to France," began Kirjean, "but before going I have something to say to you. From the first moment we met, you know that we have always been enemies."

"I cannot for the life of me see why it should be so. I have never given you any just cause of offence."

"Yes, we are enemies—we must be enemies—but you once gave me my life, and I am a soldier, and not a woman—and I cannot take a woman's revenge. My aunt may have her plans, but she must not carry them out at the expense of my honour. I have something for you from Mademoiselle de Ste. Croix."

All the blood rushed to Nevil's cheeks at the name, and his knees trembled under him. He did not attempt to conceal his emotion, but gazed eagerly at Kirjean with a mixture of interest and astonishment.

"Yes," continued the Frenchman, "I had an interview with that young lady on the night she left Pondicherry. It was not very flattering to my self-love in some respects, and I cannot altogether approve her taste—but she appealed so pathetically to my good faith as a cavalier and a gentleman, that,

morbleu! I could not resist her, and I have promised to deliver this letter into your hands."

He presented a tiny note to Nevil, and again bowing ceremoniously was about to retire. But the Englishman, who had torn open the paper and glanced in a moment over its contents, followed him with warm expressions of gratitude.

"You may call yourself my enemy, Monsieur Kirjean," he said, "but you have laid me under a great and lasting obligation. I would fain offer you my hearty thanks, and beg you to accept my friendship."

"It is impossible," said the Frenchman, shrugging his shoulders. "We are rivals, and must be enemies. But you have my respect, Monsieur Brooke."

And therewith those two parted, never to meet again, and the ship sailed for Europe with the late Governor and his family. And so, as he vanishes from this story Dupleix disappeared from the soil of India, from the scene of his magnificent projects, his wonderful triumphs and reverses, to meet with such a reception at home as France has too often given to her most illustrious sons, if only



they happened to be unsuccessful. The rest of his life was spent in obscurity, in poverty, in debt—in humiliating struggles with creditors, and fruitless endeavours to obtain from the Company a portion of the vast sums he had expended in their service—in long, interminable lawsuits, in petitions and memorials, in vain supplications and remonstrances to the deaf ears of power. He who had been more than a monarch, with attendant princes in his train, had now to wait expectant on staircases and in ante-rooms, to submit to the insolence of the lackeys and minions of a court, and to endure the cold neglect of the country on which he would have bestowed an empire. Yet to the last he preserved a dignity that was not unworthy of his pretensions; and he might have commanded still more of our sympathy in his fall, had not the nobler image of Labourdonnais appeared in the far background, to remind us that the lost fortune and the broken heart were only a just retribution.

The note which Nevil received from Kirjean, and which had evidently been written in great haste and perturbation, ran as follows :—

"I must make one more attempt to reach you, though you have answered none of my letters, and they tell me you wish to break off our acquaintance. But I cannot believe it, unless I hear it from yourself. If it be so, I shall not utter a word of reproach, but retire at once into a convent, and pass the remainder of my days in praying for your happiness."

Armed with these lines, Nevil hastened to demand the intervention of the Governor, and Monsieur Godeheu could no longer refuse his active assistance. He promised to despatch a special messenger to Chandernagore, with any letter that Nevil might intrust to his care, and with a strict charge that it should be delivered into Mademoiselle de Ste. Croix's own hands.

"How could you doubt for a moment," wrote Nevil, "that we have been the victims of an infamous plot? I arrived at Pondicherry on the morrow of your sad loss, and went direct to your house, but was denied admittance; and ever since, day after day, I have called, and watched, and waited, and written, but have always been repulsed from your doors, and have not received a single



line or message from you, until Kirjean brought me your note. Oh, my dear Louise! I cannot tell you what I have suffered on your account; but I can say with truth, that I never lost my faith in your constancy, and that I treated the idle stories that were told me with the contempt they deserved. My only fear was, that you might be conveyed to some place where I should not be able to find you. But now that I know where you are, be sure that neither time, nor distance, nor difficulty, nor danger will prevent my making my way to you, and that no evil designs can ultimately prevail against the love that is lasting as life itself, and stronger even than death. Send me a few words in reply, just to say that you are safe and well, and that you will never again despair of our future. Only trust in my affection, dearest Louise, and you may leave the rest to Heaven and to me."

He went on to explain how and where she was to address him, and having committed this letter to the care of Monsieur Godeheu, he hastened to complete what business remained to be transacted with that gentleman, and returned to Madras as speedily as possible. Mr. Saunders received him with great kind-

ness, and expressed his approbation of the manner in which he had fulfilled his mission.

"I am much indebted to you, Mr. Brooke, and shall be happy to show you some mark of favour."

"I was just about to ask a favour of your Excellency. I wish to leave Madras, and to exchange for service at Calcutta."

"Indeed! I am very sorry to hear it. We shall not like to lose you, and I do not think it will be for your advantage."

"But I have the strongest private reasons for wishing to remove to Bengal. If you can spare me a few minutes, I will explain to you exactly how it is."

And therewith he unbosomed himself freely to the Governor, who listened to him with the quiet, but not unsympathizing smile, with which a kind-hearted man of middle age listens to the confessions of lovers.

"After what you have told me," said Mr. Saunders, when Nevil had finished his narrative, "I can no longer oppose your resolution. I have sufficient confidence in you to believe, that you will not allow this affair (however interesting in itself) to interfere with the public service, and I will use all my



influence to procure you an appointment at Calcutta. I will speak to Pigot on the subject, and you had better get Orme to write to his friends in Bengal. I have no doubt we shall be able to manage it."

And so, after a short delay, it was all settled as Nevil desired, and he sailed for Calcutta to enter upon his new post. It was similar to the one he had held at Madras, combining many of the duties of secretary and interpreter, for his knowledge of the languages of India was not confined to the dialects spoken in the Deccan. Before he left Fort St. George, he was consoled by the arrival of a letter from Louise, announcing that she was safe at Chandernagore, and assuring him that, now she had heard the true cause of his apparent silence, she was content to wait hopefully and patiently for whatever might next happen.

CHAPTER II.

COMPLICATIONS.

WHEN Nevil sailed up the Hoogley, it was not to the city of palaces which now overlooks the stream, but to a place which had already acquired importance, as the centre of the English trade with the rich province of Bengal, and with the countries beyond the Ganges. Higher up the river, the French were settled at Chandernagore, and the Dutch at Chinsurah; but around the walls of Fort William lay the warehouses and villas of the English, a considerable native town had risen in the neighbourhood, and the stir of traffic and many indications of wealth might have suggested to the sagacious observer the future glories of Calcutta.

Nevil carried his letters of introduction to the Governor, Mr. Drake, and to several members of the Council. He was kindly and

hospitably received, and soon found himself quietly established in his new quarters. But he seized the first opportunity to ask for a short leave of absence, and proceeded at once to Chandernagore.

Peace being now restored between the nations, the French and English could visit each other freely, but there was still a mutual jealousy which imposed a certain restraint on their intercourse. Nevil's intimate acquaintance with their manners and language, however, procured him ready attention and civility; and on his applying at the gate of the convent where Mademoiselle de Ste. Croix resided, he was, after some hesitation, and a good deal of parleying between the nuns and the lay sister who acted as portress, admitted to the sacred precincts of the parlour till his presence could be announced to the young lady.

While he waited for her, his fancy went back to the time when she was a pretty child in her gay Indian dress, and to the later period when she had appeared before him like a graceful vision all clothed in white; and he almost started when a slight figure in deep mourning, pale, sad, and pensive, advanced to

meet him. But the sight filled him with intense love and pity, and he could scarcely speak as he grasped her small hands in his, and bent over her with a look of infinite tenderness.

“Oh, Nevil,” she said, bursting into tears. “My father! my poor dear father!”

He soothed her as well as he could, and gradually led her to talk calmly of the Chevalier, and to relate how in the extremity of mortal weakness he had kept his high courage and manifested his generous care for others. His last thoughts and words had been chiefly expressive of solicitude for his daughter's happiness, and he had spoken of Nevil with true parental affection. The two young people, as they dwelt on these things, were half consoled by the sense of a family sorrow shared between them, and by the consciousness that they were closely united in love and reverence for the dead.

Then they talked of all they had suffered through the intrigues of Madame Dupleix, and both did full justice to the latent spark of honour in Kirjean. And then Nevil asked with some anxiety, whether Father Clairvaux was soon expected at Chandernagore.

“He may be here at any hour,” answered Louise. “He has been to Delhi, and Lucknow, and Benares, and he wrote to me last from Patna. He was hastening to come to me in my distress.”

“And he is really appointed your guardian?”

“Yes; and I am sure he will be a kind one. He has known me from my birth, and he was my father’s trusted friend.”

“And will he be my friend also?” asked Nevil.

“He was very good to you when you were ill at our house.”

“Yes, he was very good to me, and I shall never forget it. But will he give his approval to my love for you?”

“And why should he not?” said Louise. “I shall tell him that my dear father always spoke of you as a son, and blessed us almost with his last breath.”

And so the two lovers gave themselves up once more to hope, and Nevil would have lingered over the happy moments which had succeeded to the dreary interval of pain, had not Louise warned him, that too long an interview might provoke the censure of the

good nuns who had given her hospitality, and one of whom was waiting silently in the background. He tore himself reluctantly away, but not till he had obtained the maiden's promise to receive him again on the morrow.

That evening, as Nevil was seated in the veranda of the house where he lodged, musing over many things, a tall, venerable figure, gaunt and meagre, but with a certain stateliness in its look and bearing, appeared suddenly before him. It stood silent for a few moments, and then addressed him in a well-remembered voice.

"Do you not know me, my son?" it said.

"Father Clairvaux!" cried Nevil, springing up to greet him. "I should indeed be ungrateful, if I did not remember my kind physician!"

"It is so long ago," said the Jesuit, with a smile, "and benefits, like injuries, are apt to fade from the ever-changing mind of youth. Your chest has broadened, and your limbs are stronger than when we last met, but if you have not forgotten those days, we may still renew some of our old talk. I have just been to see a fair friend of yours."



"I thought your first visit would be to Mademoiselle de Ste. Croix. Do you find her much altered?"

"Yes—she, and you, and all of us are altered to some extent; for Time leaves nothing exactly as it was, whether in growth or in decay. I am glad, however, to find the same docile and affectionate Louise that I knew in her happy childhood. In making me her guardian, her father has laid a great charge on a lonely old man, but I hope that her good disposition will render it less difficult."

"But, Father, you probably know—you must even have heard enough from the Chevalier to make you suspect—that I long to relieve you from this charge."

"Yes, I had heard something of this, and Louise told me more just now. I am no enemy to honourable marriage, and in many respects, my son, you are the kind of youth to whom I could entrust a maiden's happiness. But there are other things to be considered."

"Do you mean wealth and position, Father? I am not rich, but I am getting on in the service, and have a fair prospect of returning some day to a comfortable home in England."

“I was not thinking of wealth, my son. Louise has some fortune of her own, and her father was the last man to set an undue value on the vile dross for which so many barter their souls. And as for rank, if there be any worth in such distinctions, I know you are a gentleman, and I suppose all gentlemen are essentially equal. But there is something higher than rank, and more precious than riches—and that, my son, is religion.”

“True, Father. I have never been quite indifferent to such subjects, for I was carefully brought up by a pious mother; and of late, in solitude and in sorrow, my thoughts have often gone back to those early lessons. But religion, in my sense, is something that binds the conscience and purifies the heart; and could I follow in all things the religion I profess, I can only say I should be less unworthy of Louise and of your friendship.”

“The Hindoo and the Mahomedan might perhaps say the same, my son. They none of them act up to their own imperfect sense of right. But surely that is not the question. If to help this poor weak nature of ours through the dangers and temptations that beset it on every side, God has given us the



spiritual guidance of His Church, and we wilfully and knowingly reject its aid—what is this but the greatest of presumptuous sins ? ”

“ Granted, Father—if we did it knowingly and wilfully. But suppose we cannot persuade ourselves that your Church has this exclusive right to speak in the name of Heaven, and that we prefer to go direct to the teaching of Him who is your Lord and ours ? ”

“ I can make allowance for education and early prejudice,” said the Jesuit, “ and I hope and pray that what the Church calls invincible ignorance may yet avail you before a higher tribunal. But you can hardly expect that I will commit the most sacred trust—the care of an immortal soul—to one who is himself in a state of extreme and perilous error.”

“ And do you really think, Father, that I would interfere with Louise’s religion ? We worship the same God, follow the same Master, acknowledge the same code of morals—and why should I seek to deprive her of a single hope or consolation she may derive from other forms than mine ? ”

“Ah, my son!” said the Jesuit, sighing; “this only shows me that you have never conceived the true idea of that Catholic Church, in which alone there is safety, and out of which there is nothing but confusion. To her I have devoted my life, my soul, my all; and my task on earth has been to bring the stray sheep into her sacred fold. Once let me see you within the charmed circle of her influence, and there is none on whom I would more gladly bestow the hand of my dear ward. But I cannot give her to an unbeliever.”

“Yet I have read, Father, that St. Paul thought the unbelieving husband might be sanctified by the believing wife; and I have heard that your missionaries have not always been so strict in these matters in dealing with your native converts.”

“We are made all things to all men, that we might by all means save some,” answered the Jesuit. “But that is not the question. Here, we have a very simple problem before us. You wish to wed a Catholic maiden, and I, as her guardian, can only consent that she should marry a Catholic. Are you willing to conform to her faith?”



“And do you really mean, Father,” cried Nevil, indignantly, “that if I am ready to tell a lie, and call myself a Catholic, you will be satisfied with the concession?”

A slight flush passed over the cheek of the Jesuit as he answered: “God only knows the heart, my son. Outward conformity is at least the first step to inward belief, and were you once in our communion, admitted to all the high privileges of the Church, you would soon learn to distinguish truth from error. But, apart from this, I am willing (feeble instrument as I am) to reply to your objections, remove your scruples, clear up all your doubts, and prepare you to accept the faith.”

“No, Father,” said Nevil, looking full at him with his honest English eyes, “if ever I change my religion, it shall be fairly and freely. I will not be bribed to enter on a one-sided inquiry, with the conclusion settled beforehand. Heaven knows, there are few sacrifices that I would not make for Louise; but amongst them are faith and honour. I do not doubt your sincerity, Father—your whole life has proved it—and I have ample evidence of your kindness to myself. But I

cannot tamper with my plain sense of right and wrong. I cannot *sell* my religion."

"I am not seeking to force your conscience, my son. I am only asking you to respect mine. If for the service of the Church I have abandoned all that most men hold dear, and am ready at any moment to lay down my life—you cannot suppose that I shall yield to the weakness of a mere human affection. Convinced that I ought not to give my ward to one who holds heretical opinions, it will be my duty to steel my heart against the tenderness I feel for you both, and to do all in my power to prevent your intercourse and to forbid your union."

"And on my side, Father, while I give you full credit for good intentions, I cannot be guided by your judgment. The Chevalier approved of my attachment to his daughter, and I know that Louise loves me. I tell you frankly that I will never resign my claim to her, and that sooner or later I mean to win her."

"The future is in God's hands, my son. In the mean time, I am bound to use my authority to guard against a present evil. I cannot allow this love affair to proceed further. You must not see my ward."

“Surely, Father,” cried Nevil, “you could not be so cruel—you that I have ever known gentle and patient—you that have loved Louise from her birth, and that nursed and watched over me in my illness with more than a woman’s care—you could not bring yourself to make us both miserable.”

“My son, I have been trained in a school, which admits of no such considerations when duty and obedience are concerned. I would drain my own veins of every rebellious drop, and I cannot spare the life-blood of others. I still hope that things may come right some day, and that I may yet welcome you as a child of the Church, and as the accepted lover of Louise. But, until then, you must not meet.”

“And so, Father, from the highest motives, you are acting just the same part as Jan Begum did from the meanest. I could not have believed it, and I trust you will at least permit me to have an interview with Louise, before I leave Chandernagore.”

“To what purpose, my son? If the wrench must be made, it had better be made at once. An interview would only serve to foster a vain illusion.”

“And have you asked yourself how Louise will bear this cruel blow?”

“She will submit to whatever is right and lawful, my son. I must go and prepare her for the sacrifice.”

“Yes,” cried Nevil, bitterly, “there will indeed be a sacrifice and a victim! But do not imagine, Father, that I will submit to this tyranny. Not all my respect for your character, not all your authority, not all the powers of the great Order to which you belong, will prevent my pursuing what is now the dearest object of my life. You may find, in the long run, that love is stronger even than superstition.”

“I can forgive this vehemence, my son, and must leave you to follow the impulses of the unregenerate will. But you must not think to shake my resolution. Hereafter, you may thank me for a persistence which now seems harsh and unrelenting. Farewell, and may God lead you into the right path!”

He laid his hand for a moment on Nevil's shoulder, and with a look in which pity was mingled with inflexible resolve, as the stern discipline of the priest prevailed over the natural kindness of the man, he turned and

left him. Then Nevil yielded to a burst of uncontrollable anguish, and remained for some minutes with his head buried in his arms, overwhelmed by this new disappointment of all his hopes. But his healthy manhood soon recovered its self-control, and he rose from the couch on which he had thrown himself, with fire in his eye, and fixed determination on his brow.

"They shall find," he said, "that I am not to be conquered in this way. I will keep true to my Louise, and I will win her in spite of every obstacle. But the present prospect looks dark enough, for how am I to oppose the authority of the guardian and the priest, especially when here I am only a foreigner and a heretic? No matter. I learned in the school of Clive how to grapple with difficulties, and in love as in war it is only the coward that despairs."

Thus revived in spirits, he hastened at once to the convent, but found that Father Clairvaux had been before him. He was refused admittance, nor could all his efforts, continued at intervals throughout the following day, obtain access to Louise. It was late in the evening, when he turned away for the

twentieth time from the gate, and walked slowly and despondently up the dark and silent street. Suddenly, something white brushed against him, and the voice of an old woman mumbled in his ear: "Take it, sahib, and speak no word. To-morrow, at the Bazaar."

Nevil grasped the paper that was slid into his hand, and concealing it in his sleeve hastened back to his lodging. There, as soon as he could obtain a light, and could make sure of not being interrupted, he read as follows:—

"Oh, dear Nevil, this is the hardest trial of all! I am told by one, who has been my friend and guide from my birth, and who speaks in the name of my religion, that I ought not to love you—or at least that I ought to sacrifice my love to the duty which I owe the Church. But I am sure it is not wicked to love you, whether I ever see you again or not, and you may be quite certain that I will never be false to you. I will never wed any one else, and I will never take any vows without your leave. I have prayed to the Virgin and all the saints to direct me, but nothing will convince me that

it would be right to break my word. Oh, that I had my dear father to consult! he would never let me do anything wrong, and he gave his sanction to my love for you. But I must obey the guardian he appointed, and I see no chance of our meeting at present. If you take my advice, you will go back at once to your countrymen. Here, all your movements are watched, and you will not be allowed to come near me. My old Ayah will be at the Bazaar to-morrow, and you may perhaps contrive to drop a line into her basket; but do not stop or speak to her, as she also may be taken away from me. It is all very, very hard; and the worst is that these things are not done by enemies, but by good people who wish me well, and who are much wiser than I am. Yet nothing will persuade me that I ought to forsake you, so long as you are true to me, and though my heart may break in the struggle, it will beat for you till the last."

The next day, Nevil was early at the Bazaar, and spent so much time in talking to the merchants and examining their wares, that he might have been supposed to be only intent on driving a good bargain. Many

veiled female figures passed him, but none whom he ventured to accost, until he heard a voice he knew rating some of the market-folks for having sold bad eggs to the convent. Then he drew near cautiously, and dropped unperceived a note into the Ayah's basket. Its contents were as follows :—

“I little thought, dearest Louise, that we should again be separated in this way, and that the blow would come from the hand of one whom we have both revered. It is a terrible trial, but we must bear it in full reliance on each other's affection, and in the firm faith that no mortal power will prevail against the love which God has blessed and sanctioned. For that He *has* blessed it, dearest, you may know by the promptings of your own innocent heart, by the voice of nature and conscience, by your father's approval, and by all the circumstances that brought us together. Only remain steadfast in this faith, and the time must come, sooner or later, when you will be free to choose and act for yourself, and till then and evermore you may be quite sure of my unchanging fidelity and devotion. Let no false representations or appearances ever deceive you on

this head. I am going to return to Calcutta, and it may be long before we meet again, and we may not even be able to correspond by message or letter; but I shall think of you night and day, dream of you, long for you, and have your image ever before me. And you, dearest, must think of me hopefully, and without any shadow of doubt or fear. And when you pray, my Louise, pray to Him in whom was united the Divine Wisdom with the tender human heart, and He will guide you aright. He brought me to this far land over stormy seas, and has preserved me through sieges, and battles, and many dangers, and given me the treasure of your love as the one bright jewel of my life; and I do not believe He will take it from me, unless I forfeit my claim to it by my own unworthiness. Then let us hope on through every change of fortune, and of one thing at least you may be certain—that in life or in death I am YOURS."

The next morning, Nevil left Chandernagore, and set out with a heavy heart on his return to Calcutta.

CHAPTER III.

SURAJAH DOWLAH.

SADLY and wearily, but with steady purpose not to give way to despair, Nevil resumed the duties of his office, and for several months worked on in the usual routine, without the occurrence of any remarkable event. He was sometimes cheered by letters from England, and occasionally a native chapman would bring him a flower or some other token, which he had received from an old woman in the Bazaar at Chandernagore, with strict charge to deliver it to Nevil Sahib at Calcutta, who would be sure to reward the bearer with a piece of gold. But, on the whole, Nevil's days continued their course with scarcely any variety, till, in the early part of 1756, important public transactions came to break the monotony of his life.

One day, he was sent for by Mr. Drake the Governor, and found that gentleman in a state of considerable perturbation.

"Mr. Brooke," he said, "I fear we shall have our trade interrupted, and every sort of annoyance. I have always tried to keep clear of state affairs, thinking they were no part of a merchant's business, and I have blamed your friends at Madras for being led into them. And here I am involved in a quarrel with an Indian Nabob, without any fault of mine!"

"Does your Excellency allude to the young prince, who has just succeeded to the dominions of Aliverdi Khan?"

"Yes — the new sovereign of Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa—confound him!—a mere boy, I am told, but likely to give us more trouble than all his predecessors. He is hardly placed in his grandfather's seat, before he sends us the most insolent and threatening messages."

"What does he want?"

"He wants—I scarcely know what he wants—but he asks us to deliver up Kishendass, the rich Gentoo who is stopping with Omichund the banker—I suppose he would

like to plunder him of his treasures—and he insists that we are fortifying Calcutta. Now you know that we have not added to the Mahratta Ditch, and that we are only repairing some of the batteries, on the rumour of a possible war with France. I fear it is all a pretext to pick a quarrel.”

“And what does your Excellency mean to do?”

“Oh, we must satisfy this young despot in one way or the other. I am going to send you on a confidential mission to Mr. Watts at Cossimbazar. Of course, we shall have to leave off working at the fortifications.”

“Your Excellency will excuse me,” said Nevil, “but if my late commander Clive were here, I think he would advise working day and night at the fortifications, and putting the place into a complete state of defence. It is the only safe course, in dealing with these native princes.”

“No, no, my young friend, we must not provoke a war. We are men of peace, and only intent on increasing our trade. Come the worst, we shall be able to get off at the cost of a bribe.”

“I have no faith in a *bought* peace,” said



Nevil, "but I am at your Excellency's service, and will do my best to execute your orders. When am I to set out?"

"As soon as possible, my dear sir. I will prepare your instructions at once, and please impress on Watts the necessity of coming to an immediate arrangement. We cannot afford the least risk of a rupture."

Mr. Watts was the chief of the small English factory at Cossimbazar, which lay within a short distance of Moorshedabad, the capital of the prince in question. He was therefore in constant communication with the sovereign and his ministers, and it was through him that were conveyed the various messages, which had occasioned so much uneasiness at Calcutta.

When Nevil arrived at Cossimbazar, Mr. Watts did not attempt to conceal from him the danger and anxiety of the situation. He was a man of far more firmness and vigour of mind than Mr. Drake, but he was placed in a most difficult position, with no material resources at his command.

"I should take a very different tone with Surajah Dowlah," he said, "if there were any hope of successfully resisting him. But the

fort is wholly untenable, my garrison consists of some twenty soldiers, and there seems no chance of any relief from Calcutta."

"Of that you may be quite sure," answered Nevil. "They have no efficient force there, and are unprepared to defend themselves if attacked. But do you really think that Surajah Dowlah intends war?"

"I have little doubt of it, unless we consent to be pillaged and oppressed at his pleasure. You cannot conceive the ferocious folly of this young tyrant. Aliverdi Khan, his grandfather, was a despot who never shrunk from crime if it served his purpose; but he had a clear, powerful intellect, governed his subjects fairly well for an Oriental, and knew what was for the interest of his country. He kept on good terms with us, because he found that our trade increased his revenue, and was for the benefit of his people. But this wretched boy is only guided by his passions, and has always hated the English with a kind of insane hatred."

"How do you know this?"

"Oh, I have seen something of him, and heard more. Mr. Forth, our surgeon, is frequently summoned to attend him, and in

fact the only hold we have on him is the fear he entertains about his health. Most Indian princes are badly brought up, but this one seems to have been allowed to run riot from the first. I suppose Aliverdi Khan was too busy to look after him, and left him to the care of menials who indulged him in all his vices. I am told that, from his earliest childhood, he was obstinate, sullen, cruel, and revengeful—that he used to amuse himself with torturing birds and beasts—and that drunkards and profligates have always been his chief favourites. Now fancy such a creature as this possessed of unlimited power, and you may judge what we have to expect from him!”

“Where is he now?—I think you said he was absent from Moorshedabad.”

“Yes, he has marched with his army to attack one of his cousins, but he left strict orders that any despatch from Calcutta was to be sent after him. I suppose I must forward Mr. Drake’s letter.”

“Do you approve of its contents?”

“Not altogether. It is perhaps too humble in tone, and yet it touches on topics that are sure to offend Surajah Dowlah. For instance,

it excuses the fortifications on the ground of a possible war with France. Now he thinks, that no one would dare to wage war in Bengal without his permission, and he may treat our caution as an insult."

"Is it wise, then, to forward the letter?"

"I can hardly venture to keep it back, after the pressing message you have brought me from Mr. Drake. But I should like it to be delivered by some one, who can give explanations and remove difficulties. Are you willing to undertake this?"

"I am quite willing, if you think me competent."

"I shall be much obliged to you, Mr. Brooke. I understand that you are familiar with the native languages, and will no doubt be able to meet and combat objections. But you must remember it is a service of some danger."

"We have been accustomed to that in the Deccan," said Nevil, with a quiet smile. "Only, before starting, I should wish to know exactly what has passed between you and Surajah Dowlah."

"Certainly. You shall have every information. Mr. Hastings," he added, going to

the door of his cabinet, "please to bring the minutes of all our late transactions and correspondence."

In answer to this summons, a youth entered the apartment with a bundle of papers in his hand. He was small in stature, and some years younger than Nevil, who was struck with the remarkable expression of his keen, intelligent countenance, but who could not guess that, in the boyish figure before him, he saw the future Richelieu of India—the man that was to consolidate and govern a mighty empire. That young clerk, then only known to his immediate superiors as a steady and useful assistant, was the Warren Hastings of a wonderful history—destined to encounter the most extraordinary vicissitudes of fame and fortune—to raise himself and his country to the height of glory and success, and then to pass through the most formidable scrutiny to which ever a public man was exposed—to be admired and reviled, attacked and defended with almost equal vehemence—and to leave behind him a name and character, which are still the subjects of controversy, but must always be memorable in the annals of the English race.

At present, however, Hastings was only a clerk, occupied with the discharge of his official duties, and ready to impart to Nevil whatever information he required. But the latter long remembered the self-possession and graceful ease of his manner—qualities which he retained through all the changes of his after years—alike when he confronted the furious rabble of Benares, or listened at the bar of the House of Lords to the terrible invectives of Burke.

A few hours after this conference, Nevil was afloat on the broad bosom of the Ganges, on his way to Rajamahall where the army of Surajah Dowlah was now encamped. As the boat which carried him glided along the majestic stream, he saw a thousand sights which reminded him of the strange country in which he was. The luxuriant vegetation on the banks, the birds of many-coloured plumage, the alligator basking in the sun, the rhinoceros sporting amongst the reeds, the wild deer bounding over the plain, the tiger stealing through the thicket—and then the towns and villages with their quaint architecture and motley population, the miserable huts and magnificent temples, the long flights

of steps leading down to the water's edge, the half-naked figures engaged in performing their ablutions, the pilgrims resting under the trees on their road to some distant shrine, the troops of friends and relatives bearing the sick and the dying to gaze once more upon the sacred river—all these things filled the mind of the European with a sense of his loneliness in that mysterious land. He felt as strongly as on the first day of his arrival in India, that he had to deal with men whose thoughts, habits, and associations were altogether different from his own, and he acknowledged to himself how difficult it was to understand them, and how still more difficult to make them understand him.

When he reached Rajamahal, the native officer who accompanied him, and who was deputed from Moorshedabad to conduct him to the presence of the Nabob, went forward to arrange for his reception. There was some delay before permission was granted to approach, and he was then told that the sun, the lamp of the world, would condescend to shine upon him, and that it was hoped he would show himself worthy of so great a favour.

When Nevil entered the silken pavilion, to which he passed through two lines of men in chain-armour, with shields and scimitars of the finest workmanship, he was dazzled for a moment by the splendour of the scene before him. There, amid rich hangings, and exquisite carpets, and cushions adorned with gold embroidery, fluttered the still more brilliant dresses of the courtiers, all laced with pearls or glittering with jewels. Amongst them were some of manly bearing and warlike aspect, and these were chiefly Mahomedans; but many Hindoos were present, sleek, subtle, and insinuating, and these held most of the highest offices in the state. In the midst, on a couch of carved ivory and cloth of gold, reclined the emaciated form of Surajah Dowlah, in a loose, dishevelled robe, with marks of intemperance on his countenance, and surrounded by jesters and buffoons in the fantastic garb of their profession. A huge monkey was seated at his feet, grinning at the assembled courtiers, and pelting them with a constant shower of shells and other missiles.

The jesters were laughing loudly at the tricks of this animal, and bandying coarse



jokes for the amusement of their master ; but he remained silent and sullen, and seemed to be looking for some one on whom to vent his savage humour. At length, he raised his head, and saw Nevil waiting to be presented.

“Who is this,” he cried, “that does not prostrate himself before us? Has he no manners, or does he not know our dignity?”

“It is the Feringhee,” answered one of his officers, “who brings a letter from the English chief at Calcutta, and humbly craves permission to place it in the hands of your highness.”

“Let him draw near,” said the prince. “Can he speak any tongue but his own vile jargon?”

“He is a Pundit,” answered the officer, “and can address your highness (whom Allah preserve!) in your own language (which is the language of Paradise!).”

“Hold your tongue, fool,” said the prince, “and let me hear this Feringhee. Why did the Sahib Drake (whom Allah confound!) send you all this way with a letter, when he might have employed a native messenger? Did he want you to act as a spy, and report the condition of our land?”

"He thought it more respectful to your highness," replied Nevil, "to send one of his own officers. Had he wanted a spy, he would have been more likely to employ a Hindoo."

"Did you hear that, Roydulub?" said the Nabob, turning with a spiteful chuckle to his Gentoo treasurer. "And now you are come, what have you brought, O misbeliever?"

"This letter, with a translation, which I beg to commend to the favourable construction of your highness. If it contains any errors, I hope you will ascribe them to the fault of the interpreter."

"Read it, Roydulub," said the Nabob, "and see that you do not alter a word. What have these English to urge in excuse for their insolence?"

It would have been a good letter from one European to another. It contained a full statement of facts, with an explanation of the attendant circumstances, but it was not suited to the capacity or the temper of the young tyrant to whom it was addressed. He could have understood complete submission or absolute defiance; but as he listened to



the reasons given for continuing the works at Calcutta, as a simple precaution against a sudden attack by the French, he felt or affected the most violent indignation.

“What have I to do,” he cried, “with the quarrels of you French and English? Are you not dogs, and the sons of dogs, whom I have graciously suffered to remain in my dominions? Would you dare to defile my courts, and make war under my very shadow?”

“Your highness knows,” replied Nevil, “that Madras was attacked and taken by the French, without any provocation of ours. We are only guarding against a similar event at Calcutta.”

“Do you think,” cried Surajah Dowlah in a fury, “that I could not protect you against the French?”

“Anwar-u-Deen could not do so, and he was a great prince. But your highness will see, that our Governor is willing to consult your pleasure, and be guided by your advice.”

“He shall obey my orders like any other of my subjects!”

“Pardon me,” said Nevil. “Our Governor would pay all possible respect to your high-

ness, but he is a subject of the King of England."

"The King of England! what do I care for the King of England? I am told that he has not ten thousand soldiers in all his kingdom. Is it not so, Roydulub?"

"Your highness is the lamp of the universe, and whatever you say is true," answered the treasurer.

"I will send no reply to this letter," continued the Nabob. "Tell your Governor, that I will bring the answer myself at the head of my army. Begone at once, and see that you deliver my message!"

"But if your highness would please to consider——"

"Go while your neck is safe," whispered the friendly officer, who had accompanied Nevil from Moorshedabad. "You can do no good here."

"Begone, I say!" roared the Nabob, lashing himself into a fresh burst of rage. "Turn him out of the camp, and let him find his way back to his countrymen. Am I afraid of these English? No! I laugh at them! I spit in their beards! I will drive them into the sea!"

"Ha! ha!" screamed the jesters in shrill chorus. "The English are pigs and dogs! They are sons of an unclean mother!"

"I will make them eat dirt before I have done with them," continued Surajah Dowlah, savagely. "My grandfather was too kind to them, and they think they can impose upon me in the same manner. But, by Allah, they shall find the difference!"

Seeing it was useless to expostulate, Nevil retired without further remonstrance, and lost no time in returning to Cossimbazar. When he reported to Mr. Watts the result of his mission, that gentleman desired him to proceed at once to Calcutta.

"There is not a moment to spare," he said. "Surajah Dowlah may be upon us almost immediately. He has evidently only wanted a pretext to rob and ruin us, and now these Calcutta fortifications will serve as well as anything else. Tell Mr. Drake, that I will delay his march as long as I can; but you have only two courses to take—either to fight or fly. There is no other alternative."

"And I fear," said Nevil, "that we shall decide upon neither—until it is too late."

He was right in his conjecture, for when he reached Calcutta, and had given a brief account of his interview with the Nabob, he found nothing but doubt and irresolution in the Governor and his advisers. They were probably men well fitted for the ordinary conduct of commercial affairs, but utterly incapable of dealing with a great emergency. They talked and hesitated when they should have resolved and acted, and the precious moments slipped by without their coming to any definite determination. They had suspended the works at the fortifications, in the hope of appeasing the Nabob, and even now they feared to resume them, lest they should exasperate him further. They tried various expedients to procure the mediation of the native merchants, they wrote humble letters of submission and apology, and laboured with all the earnestness in their power to temporize and conciliate. But they neglected the only measures that would have enabled them to treat with success, by showing that they were ready to defend themselves against attack.

“Oh, for an hour of Clive!” said Nevil, driven to despair. “We should then at least



know what we are about, and either conquer or fall with honour.”

And now one piece after another of bad news arrived in rapid succession. First, the Nabob had broken up the camp at Rajamahall, and returned to Moorshedabad. Next, he had captured the fort at Cossimbazar, and imprisoned Mr. Watts and the English. Lastly, he was advancing with his army, and in full march for Calcutta.

Then, indeed, desperate efforts were made in hot haste to prepare for a siege, but it was too late to do anything effectual. Fort William was a work of no great strength, overlooked by some of the neighbouring houses, and the outer fortifications of the place were scattered, unconnected, and unfinished; while the garrison was weak, untrained, and sadly deficient in arms and officers, and Captain Minchin, their commander, appears to have been as helpless as the Governor himself in military matters. In his alarm, Mr. Drake took the unusual step of applying to the commandant at Chandernagore for assistance. But the Frenchman replied, not without sarcasm, that if the English chose to abandon their homes, and come to him for safety, he

would do what he could to protect them. It was evident that they had nothing to rely on but their own courage.

The only member of the Council who seems not to have lost his head in the confusion that followed was a Mr. Holwell, and to this gentleman Nevil attached himself throughout the subsequent events. They were engaged in the attempt to introduce something like order amongst the native troops just raised for the emergency, when they learned that Surajah Dowlah was close at hand with his forces.

It was the month of June, and the sun poured down its fiercest rays on the devoted town. The Indians fled in dismay; the Europeans, men, women, and children, crowded into the fort; two or three batteries were hastily erected in the streets and avenues outside, and a few Englishmen, amongst whom were Holwell and Nevil, made gallant efforts to defend the approaches to the citadel. But the enemy advanced in dense masses to the attack, and although they were at first repulsed with loss, their numbers and the nature of the ground enabled them to prevail over all opposition. The men in the



batteries found themselves outflanked and surrounded, their position was commanded by the neighbouring buildings now filled with the assailants, they looked in vain for support or succour from their friends, and nothing remained but to fight their way back to the fort, where they arrived with their little band reduced to still smaller dimensions. But both the survivors and the dead had shown themselves worthy of their country, and one of them named Smith (who ought to be remembered by some more distinctive title) slew five of the enemy with his own hand before he fell.

It was far otherwise in Fort William. There panic had deprived the leaders of all presence of mind, and the garrison was in a state of utter disorganization and terror. When the drums beat to arms, no one answered to the summons, and the Governor and the officer in command were gazing blankly and hopelessly at each other, when Holwell and Nevil joined them on the ramparts.

“What is to be done now?” said Mr. Drake. “I am sure I have acted to the best of my judgment—but I am not a military

man, and I wash my hands of all responsibility. I cannot tell whether the fort is defensible or not."

"What does Captain Minchin say?" asked Holwell.

"Sir," answered that officer, "it depends entirely on circumstances. If the stores are sufficient, and the garrison will obey orders, we might perhaps hold out for a time. I cannot commit myself to any further opinion."

"Ought we, then, to think of retreat?" said Holwell.

"That, sir, I must leave entirely to the Governor," answered Minchin.

"And how the devil am I to know?" cried poor Mr. Drake in the utmost perplexity. "I beg your pardon, Minchin, but really you ought to give me some advice and assistance."

"If I might venture to offer a suggestion," said Nevil, "our first duty is to place the women and children in safety. There is a large ship in the river, with seven smaller vessels. Could they not be sent on board at once?"

"Very good, very good indeed, Mr. Brooke. I am really much obliged to you. What do you think of this suggestion, Holwell?"



"I agree with it entirely, and should recommend its being acted on immediately."

"Certainly, certainly—but how are we to get them together, and how are they to be embarked?"

"If you will allow me," said Nevil, smiling in spite of himself, "I will undertake that duty."

This he accordingly did, and managed it so well, that the embarkation was accomplished without accident, as far as the English women and children were concerned. The last boat was ready to push off before nightfall, and one of the officers in charge urged Nevil to accompany them to the ship.

"You will find you are of no use here," he said. "You will only be sacrificed with the rest."

"I know it," replied Nevil, "but I cannot abandon my countrymen."

The night was full of alarms, and at two o'clock in the morning a general council of war was summoned, to determine whether they should at once retreat to the ships, or endeavour to hold out a little longer. Opinions were divided, and when the council broke up without arriving at any conclusion, it was

understood that the project of departure was at all events postponed till the following night.

The morning brought new causes of anxiety. Many of the small craft had deserted, and when it was proposed that the Portuguese women and children should follow the English to the ships, there was so much confusion, and such crowding into the few remaining boats, that several of them were upset and the passengers drowned. Meanwhile, the enemy recommenced the attack, pouring volleys of musketry from the adjacent houses into the fort, and also shooting fire-arrows into the vessels on the river. To avoid these dangerous missiles, the captain of the largest ship weighed anchor and sailed down the Hoogley, and the garrison had the mortification of seeing one vessel after the other follow his example. Uncertain how far they had gone, or whether they might not mean to abandon them altogether, the people in the fort were seized with consternation, and their chiefs could offer them neither help nor guidance. Mr. Drake and Captain Minchin went hither and thither, exposing themselves indeed to the fire, and issuing all

kinds of vague, desultory orders ; but they were evidently quite at a loss what to do, and when at length one of the gunners came and whispered to the Governor that all the powder in the magazines was damp and unserviceable, the heart of the unfortunate Mr. Drake seems entirely to have failed him. He saw that only two boats were left at the wharf, in one of which several fugitives were just embarking ; and without giving himself time for reflection, or communicating his intention to any one, he hurried at once into the second boat, and ordered the rowers to follow in the track of the ships.

Captain Minchin stood for a moment aghast, completely transfixed by this extraordinary spectacle. But that excellent officer, though generally accustomed to hesitate, was not slow in making up his mind on the present occasion.

“ If the Governor is going,” he said, “ it is clearly my duty to accompany him ! ”—and therewith he dropped into the boat, and the civil and military functionaries departed together.

When the deserted garrison heard of this shameful flight, one cry of indignation rose

from amongst them. They proceeded, however, to choose Mr. Holwell for their leader, and resolved to defend the place as long as they could, in the hope that some of the boats would return to fetch them off. While they bravely resisted the attacks of the enemy on one side, they hoisted flags and threw out signals of distress on the other, to induce the people in the vessels to come to their assistance. A few resolute men might easily have rescued them all, but the fears of Mr. Drake seem to have imparted themselves to the rest, or a kind of stupid apathy must have fallen upon the fleet, for no attempt was made to bring the required help. For one more day and night, the garrison defended themselves vigorously; but no aid came, the losses were heavy, the chances of escape grew desperate, and the common soldiers, yielding to despair, broke into the spirit-stores and began to intoxicate themselves with arrack. Then the white flag was hung out, and Mr. Holwell endeavoured to effect a capitulation; but, while he was yet engaged in treating, the enemy forced the gates and escalated the walls, and rushing into the fort in overwhelming numbers, and driving all before



them, made an end of the parley and of the last hope of deliverance, and consigned the English left in Calcutta to the mercies of Surajah Dowlah.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BLACK HOLE.

NEVIL was standing by Holwell's side, when the stream of furious assailants bore down everything in its headlong course. Overpowered and disarmed, the captives were bound with cords, and led amid shouts of victory to the presence of the conquering Nabob. They found him seated in the principal apartment of the factory, with his officers about him, and his general, Meer Jaffier, at his right hand. A malignant joy sparkled in his cruel eyes, as he surveyed the prisoners from head to foot, and appeared to exult over their humiliation.

"But where is the Sahib Drake?" was one of his first questions.

Holwell answered that the Governor had taken his departure by water, and was now on board one of the ships in the Hoogley.



“Ha!” said Surajah Dowlah; “he did well. He knew that I would repay him for his insolence. And he shall find that my arm is long enough to reach him yet. But you, O misbegotten! how did you dare to resist my soldiers?”

“We were left in charge of the fort,” replied Holwell, “and it was our duty to defend it. This brave general will tell your highness,” he added, turning to Meer Jaffier, “that the soldier has only to obey orders, and not to ask questions.”

“That is true,” said Meer Jaffier, in whose immovable countenance it was impossible to trace by what feeling he was actuated. “These poor men only obeyed orders, and probably did not know that they were warring against your highness.”

“Well,” said the Nabob, as if seized by a sudden thought, “they may earn their pardon by confessing where they have concealed their treasure. Tell us, O misbeliever, where the riches of your nation are buried!”

“As far as I know,” replied Holwell, “the funds belonging to the factory are all deposited in the public treasury.”

“Liar!” cried the Nabob, growing pale

with rage. "I have already sent there, and only fifty thousand rupees are to be found in the chests. But I will have more, though I wring it out of your heart's blood!"

"Your highness may use your pleasure, but I cannot tell you what I do not know."

"We shall find a way to refresh your memory. And you, young man, what do you say on the subject?"

"I can assure your highness," answered Nevil, "that I know nothing of any treasure, buried or unburied."

"And why should I believe you, O son of perdition?"

"Because," replied Nevil boldly, "we English are accustomed to speak the truth."

"It is so," said Meer Jaffier, in the same indifferent tone as before. "They are a foolish race, unskilled in the arts of dissimulation. They would not dare to deceive your highness."

"They might try it, Meer Jaffier, but they would not succeed. By Allah, no one could ever deceive me! But I must have the wealth of these infidels, wherever it may be hidden."

"My lord," whispered Roydulub the

treasurer, "leave me to deal with these Feringhees. They are stubborn, but very stupid, and it is by craft rather than violence that we must find out their secrets."

"What will you give me to spare your lives?" cried the Nabob, turning again to the prisoners.

"We have no fear for our lives," replied Holwell. "Your highness would not disgrace yourself by the slaughter of unarmed men. We are your captives, and whatever we have is at your disposal. Besides, our countrymen may ransom us, and you could make no profit of our dead bodies."

"Well," said the Nabob, laughing, as if some new fancy had crossed his brain, "you are comical fellows, and very unlike my people. Instead of grovelling before me and begging for pity, you stand there like so many stocks and stones. I will admit you to quarter, and pledge my word for your safety, if only you will promise to tell me all you know."

"We have no reason to conceal anything from your highness."

"Well, you shall be treated according to your deserts. Untie their hands, and let

them go back to their companions. I will give orders about them presently."

When Holwell and those with him rejoined the rest of the English, they found them assembled in a kind of open gallery, and surrounded by a strong guard. Several of the neighbouring buildings were in flames, and the air was burdened with dense volumes of smoke.

"I hope these savages do not mean to suffocate us between two fires," said the former Secretary of the Council, whose name was Cooke.

"Oh, never fear," answered Holwell, cheerfully. "We left the Nabob in a good humour, and are sure to be well used."

While they waited for what was next to happen, they began to recover their spirits, and laughed and jested at the oddity of their situation. There were a hundred and forty-six of them in all, of various ranks and ages, united together by a common calamity, but disposed to make light of the trouble in which they were involved, and apprehending no worse evil than the discomfort of a prolonged detention.

It was towards eight o'clock in the evening

of a very sultry day, such a day as is only known amid the summer-heat of the tropics, when orders came from the Nabob that the prisoners were to be securely confined for the night. The officers on guard consulted together, and seemed for a while to be looking out for a proper place, but when they had reported the result of their search to their captain, the latter commanded the English to enter a doorway close at hand. Some of them hesitated and drew back, for they knew that it led to the prison of the garrison, commonly called the BLACK HOLE. Others laughed at the absurdity of the notion, that such a cell could contain their numbers, and treated the proposal as a joke on the part of the soldiers. But they soon found that their guards were fatally in earnest, when they rushed upon them with drawn weapons, threatened to cut down all who resisted, actually drove them into the prison at the point of the sword, and in spite of entreaties and remonstrances, which were now poured forth in the surprise and terror of the moment, immediately closed and locked the door.

Then followed one of the most frightful

scenes ever described by the historian or imagined by the poet. In a room not twenty feet square, with only two small windows, hardly fitted in that climate for the confinement of one or two malefactors, a hundred and forty-six persons were immured as in a vault of doom. The pressure, the dreadful heat, the stifling atmosphere, convinced them at once that they could not live through the night, and the instinct of self-preservation led them to make frantic efforts to force the door. But it opened inwards, and was proof against every attempt. In vain they shouted to the guards, offering them heavy bribes to release them, or at least to place them in two separate chambers. But the soldiers remained deaf alike to prayers and promises ; until one old man, with some marks of humanity about him, went to see what could be done, and returned with the message that the Nabob was asleep, that no one dared to wake him, and that no step could be taken without his orders. Then, suffering intense torture, now bathed in profuse sweat, and now consumed by fever and intolerable thirst, choking, struggling, gasping for breath, the prisoners gave way to all the agonies of despair. They



stripped off their clothes, they tried to agitate the air with their hats, but all their efforts failed to afford them relief, and already some of them sank to the ground to rise no more. In their great anguish, many of them were seized with a kind of madness, and ravings and blasphemies were mingled with shrieks, lamentations, and piercing cries for water. Some few retained their self-possession, and amongst these was Mr. Holwell, who exhorted them to keep quiet as their only chance. And there were instances of calm courage, as when Cooke proposed that they should all make way for Holwell to reach the window, so as to be able to speak to the soldiers, or when an officer named Mills resigned his place at the narrow opening to his chief, and fell back himself into the seething mass behind. But, for the most part, every other feeling was lost in the hideous selfishness of a desperate battle for life. Men fought like wild beasts for a mouthful of air, or to clutch the water-skins that the one humane gaoler passed through the bars of their prison, spilling the water in their struggles, and trampling each other to death. And now, as the foul atmosphere

grew fouler with the stench of the charnel-house, and each hour of the long-drawn agony added to the number of the victims, the survivors implored those outside to put an end to their sufferings, or sought by insults and imprecations to provoke them to fire into the windows. But the soldiers only grinned and mocked at their misery, and held up torches at the bars to glut their eyes with a sight of the infernal scene within, till the fierce tumult died away in groans and inarticulate murmurs, and even those piteous sounds were succeeded by still more significant silence.

When Nevil first found himself enclosed by those fatal walls, he realized almost instantly the horror of the position, and looked upon the place as at once his dungeon and his tomb. A thousand thoughts rushed through his mind with the rapidity of lightning—thoughts of young life cut off in its prime, of hopes blighted, of love unsatisfied—of the dear country and the distant home he might never see again, and of those who would vainly long for his return, and never behold him more. But with these thoughts came the sense of duty and the pride of honour,

and no unmanly outcry burst from his lips. He stood silent and resigned amid the pain and fear, the passion and the frenzy of the hour, and prayed inwardly for faith and patience to bear the inevitable trial. And when, after long endurance, he felt his strength giving way—when the death-pang shot through his breast, and the labouring breath came in fitful gasps, and his brain began to reel, and his senses to fail him—his last conscious prayer, his last intelligible utterance, was for others rather than for himself.

“ Oh, God ! ” he cried ; “ have mercy upon those I love. Comfort my poor mother ! Bless my Louise ! ”

And with that name trembling on his tongue he sank down amongst the dead and dying, and lost all signs of life, and all knowledge of what was passing around him.

He could never tell how long he lay in that deadly swoon. When slowly and painfully the sense of existence returned, he was in the open air, and some one was moistening his lips with water. As he opened his eyes, only to close them again immediately, he saw that it was morning. But all else was con-

fusion in his mind, he had no power to think clearly, and he could neither speak nor move. It was only after a considerable interval, that he was able to ask questions, and to learn where he was, and what had become of his companions.

It was the same old man, that had shown some compassion for the prisoners in the night, who was now trying to revive him. When, at break of day, one of the Nabob's officers had at length come to open the door of the dungeon, and the few survivors were dragged out from the heap of corpses, this old native had carried Nevil a little apart, and had since remained in attendance on him. He may have had a son of the same age, or a fancied resemblance had struck some responsive chord of our common nature, and drawn him to this young stranger rather than to the rest of the sufferers. But, whatever the cause, he had busied himself tenderly and anxiously in nursing him back to life.

From him Nevil learned the sequel of the dreadful tale. Of the hundred and forty-six persons who had entered the Black Hole, only twenty-three had been brought out alive, and those unable to stand, and so ghastly in



appearance that their own mothers would scarcely have known them. Amongst the survivors were Holwell and Cooke, and one woman who had remained behind at Calcutta with her husband, only to see him perish miserably at her side. The dead bodies had been thrown into a pit dug hastily for the occasion, and a thin covering of earth concealed the murdered victims from the accusing light of day.

When the survivors, still more dead than alive, were carried into the presence of the Nabob, the latter showed no compassion for their sufferings, and no regret for what had occurred. Instead of finding fault with his own officers, he continued to reproach the English with their obstinacy in hiding their treasures, which he persisted in saying was the cause of all their misfortunes. He sent Holwell and some others in chains to Moorshedabad, but dismissed the rest as unworthy of his further notice. The woman, being young and handsome, was reserved for the seraglio.

Nevil was amongst those who were happily passed over as too insignificant for special precautions, and was conveyed by the old

native to the shelter of a deserted hut, where he was fed and cared for. As soon as he could crawl, he made his way to the water-side, and sought for some means of reaching the vessels in the river. He found that guards had been stationed to prevent any one from embarking; but the old man, his friend and preserver, remained true to him; and several other natives, who had been servants to the English, showed their gratitude and attachment to their former masters by helping them to escape. By their assistance a boat was procured, and Nevil with one or two companions was enabled to join his countrymen in the ships.

It is impossible to describe the shame and self-reproach, with which the tale he had to tell was listened to by those on board. Every sailor, down to the youngest cabin-boy, felt the disgrace of having abandoned the garrison to its lamentable doom. It was too late, however, to repair the mischief, and as nothing could now be done, and no one could say what would be the next freak of Surajah Dowlah, it was thought expedient to place the vessels in safety by continuing their course down the river. Accordingly, they



made all sail for the mouth of the Hoogley, and anchored off the town of Fulta, where they resolved to wait for the present, and send on accounts to Madras of what had happened. Nevil was one of the persons chosen to carry the sad tidings to Fort St. George.

Meanwhile, the Nabob was occupied in celebrating his victory, which he believed to be the most glorious ever achieved. To commemorate his prowess, he ordered the name of Calcutta to be changed to Alinagore, which signifies *The Port of God*.

•

BOOK X.—STILL IN BENGAL.



CHAPTER I.

CLIVE TO THE RESCUE.

THOSE of us who remember the effect produced in England, by the news of the Indian Mutiny and the massacre at Cawnpore, may form some idea of the feelings of the English at Madras, when they first heard the story of the mournful tragedy of the Black Hole. Pity and grief soon grew to a storm of indignation, which wise and good men found it difficult to keep within bounds, and which too nearly resembled the fierce passions of hatred and revenge. But all, even the wisest and gentlest, agreed in the resolution, that it was necessary to retrieve the honour of their flag at any cost, and to show the natives of India that helpless Englishmen were not to

be murdered with impunity. They knew the peril of the enterprise, and that they would have to encounter formidable odds; but they were in the temper which takes no account of danger, and sets at defiance both fear and caution. It was a time of wrath mingled with sorrow, of wild excitement, of deep, surrounding gloom. Only two pieces of good fortune appeared like rays of light in the midst of the darkness. A British fleet was off the coast, and Colonel Clive had returned from Europe.

After spending his money freely for some two years in England, Clive had accepted from the East India Company the appointment of Governor of Fort St. David. On his way out, he had visited Bombay, and engaged in a successful expedition against the pirates who infested the Indian Ocean. He was scarcely settled in his new post, before he was hastily summoned to Fort St. George, to assist in the deliberations consequent on the news from Calcutta.

His old friend Mr. Pigot was now Governor of Madras, in the room of Mr. Saunders, and at once fixed upon Clive as the fittest person to obtain redress for the great wrong which

his country had suffered. The public voice had already singled him out for the proposed service, and in spite of some opposition from the colonel of a regiment just arrived, who considered himself unjustly passed over, the hero of Arcot was called by general consent to undertake the work in hand. Nine hundred Europeans and fifteen hundred Sepoys were placed under his orders, and he found a worthy colleague in Admiral Watson, who had the command of the fleet.

The meeting between Clive and Nevil was frank and cordial, and each of them had much to ask and much to tell. There were anxious inquiries about friends at home on the one side, and a strong desire to have full particulars of the late outrage on the other. But the press of business was too urgent for any lengthened talk.

"I suppose you are going with me," said Clive, "to have it out with these ruffians?"

"To be sure; and once on board we shall have plenty of time for chat. I only wish you had been with us at Calcutta!"

"What! to be stifled in the Black Hole?"

"No; but to have kept us from getting in."

"I don't know what I could have done,"

said Clive, "unless I had commenced operations by shooting two such blockheads as Drake and Minchin. But, my poor boy, now that the first flush of pleasure at our meeting is over, I can see that you are looking sadly pale and ill. You have not yet recovered from the effects of that dreadful night, and I fear you will not be able to stand the fatigue of a campaign."

"Oh, yes! I am gaining strength every day, and I learned from you that there is no tonic like action."

"And the fair Louise? how is she?"

"I have plenty to tell you about her, and many other things. I have had my share of trouble since we last parted."

"Well, wait till we are on board. You shall have the next cabin to mine, and we will chum together as in the old times."

"That can hardly be, Clive. You must remember your rank, and the discipline of the service."

"Rank be hanged! and I flatter myself I can maintain discipline when I please, without turning the cold shoulder on my friends. But I must be getting forward with my preparations. I shall have no rest till I have

given these rascals such a lesson as they shall not forget in a hurry."

"It will be sharp work!"

"Not sharper than Arcot, I think. We have the blue-jackets with us this time, which is a great advantage, and Watson is a true sailor to the backbone. Besides, a monster like Surajah Dowlah is sure to be a fool and a coward."

It was astonishing to see, in this as in former instances, how soon Clive attained the complete ascendancy over the troops he was about to expose to unknown dangers. Before the expedition sailed, he had animated them all with his own spirit, and the previous excitement was exchanged for calm confidence in themselves and in their chief.

Five ships of war, led by the *Kent* bearing Admiral Watson's flag, and followed by a fire-ship and five transports, set sail from Madras in the early part of October, 1756. They had storms and accidents by the way, and the *Marlborough* and the *Cumberland*, being separated from the rest, were missing when they reached Fulta. But the *Kent* and the other vessels arrived safely in the Hoogley, and found the fugitives from Cal-

cutta waiting anxiously for the coming of their countrymen.

Having once entered on a course of action, Clive and Watson were not the men to pause or hesitate. Without waiting for the two missing ships, which carried some of the land-forces and a large portion of the field-artillery, they sailed at once up the river, captured the fort of Budge-Budge, and defeated a large body of the enemy which had been sent out from Calcutta to attack them. Then, while Clive marched forward by land, Watson continued his advance by water, silencing all the batteries on the way, till he anchored the *Kent* and *Tiger* under the walls of Fort William. Nevil, who was still too weak for long marches, and the exertion of toiling through swamps and rivulets, had been left much against his will on board the flag-ship, and now gazed from the quarter-deck on the scene of the late atrocities. As the sight recalled to mind his own sufferings and the fate of his companions, the feeling of gratitude for his escape was mingled with poignant regrets for those who had died so miserably, and he could almost have fancied that the ghosts of

his murdered countrymen hovered about the spot, and cried to Heaven for justice.

"Don't look so serious, Mr. Brooke," said a frank, hearty voice beside him. "There is no fear of the Black Hole this time."

"I was thinking of the dead," replied Nevil, with some tremulousness in his tone.

"Well, you see we can't bring them to life again," said the admiral, "and we sailors, my young friend, are not much given to blubbering over what can't be helped. But we mean to show those fellows yonder, that we are not quite safe people to meddle with. I wonder if they are prepared to receive us."

While he yet spoke, the enemy opened fire upon them from the batteries that lined the shore, and several men fell dead or wounded on the deck.

"To your guns, my lads," cried the admiral, "and let them know what a British broadside's like!"

With three ringing cheers the seamen sprang to their quarters, and in a moment the ships were enveloped in smoke and flame, and every other sound was lost in the roar of the cannon. For a time, the fire was main-



tained briskly on both sides, but it gradually slackened from the land, as it seemed to grow ever fiercer and louder from the ships, until at length it died away upon the shore, crushed and overpowered by the superior vigour of the attack.

"Well done, *Kent!* well done, *Tiger!*" said the admiral, rubbing his hands. "But pass the word to stop for a few minutes, that we may be able to see and hear what we are about."

As the smoke cleared, it was evident that the guns on shore were dismounted or silenced, and that the artillerymen were abandoning their batteries.

"We must not give them time to recover their senses," said the admiral, "but land a detachment at once. Who volunteers?"

"I do," said a young soldier, stepping forward, "and I claim my right as a King's officer to have the first choice."

The name of the young soldier was Eyre Coote, hereafter to be well known amongst the heroes of Indian warfare. He had lately come out with his regiment, despatched from England to Madras in the expectation of war with France.

"And I," said Nevil, "claim my right as a Company's officer to take my share in recovering the Company's property. I may be of some use," he added, modestly, "from my previous knowledge of the place."

"You shall both have your way, gentlemen," said the admiral, smiling good-naturedly. "Select your party, and I will send some of my blue-jackets. Man the boats there, and pull in for the shore with a will!"

The order was instantly obeyed, and Coote and Nevil soon found themselves impelled rapidly towards the bank of the river by the strokes of many oars in the hands of vigorous rowers. No shot was fired at them as they approached, but they were on their guard against a surprise, and remained silent and watchful till the boats touched the land. Then it was no longer possible to restrain the ardour of the men, who sprang on shore with a shout of defiance, the soldiers with fixed bayonets, the sailors with drawn cutlasses, ready to encounter any enemy and bear down all resistance. But they found the batteries deserted, the outworks undefended, and the seamen, clambering up into the fortress like

so many monkeys, opened the gates for the landsmen who marched in without opposition. As the two officers entered together, Nevil pointed out to his companion the site of the Black Hole.

"I wish the infernal scoundrels had shown fight," said Coote, "but their conscience has made cowards of them, and we shall not have the pleasure of punishing them as they deserve."

"It is better as it is," answered Nevil. "We should probably have had to kill poor wretches who had nothing to do with the murder, and even those who committed it are to be pitied for their brutal ignorance."

"You are more forgiving than I should be in your place, Mr. Brooke. But at least there will be some satisfaction in hoisting the British flag on Fort William, and as you are one of the sufferers, I will resign that duty to your hands."

"Thanks for the offer. I shall be proud and happy to accept it."

And as anxious eyes gazed intently from the ships upon the shore, they saw the well-known colours rise suddenly to the top of the flag-staff, and loud cheers pealed from deck

and yard-arm and mast-head, and the cannon thundered forth a salute to the beloved and glorious ensign.

But this incident was shortly followed by a less pleasing episode, characteristic of the jealousy then existing between the two gallant services. When Clive appeared with his forces, after a long and toilsome march, and claimed to take possession of the fortress in the name of the East India Company, Watson insisted that the navy had effected the capture, and that he alone was entitled to hold it for the King. Hot and angry words ensued between the commanders, and for a time the quarrel threatened to become serious; but the sense of public duty prevailed at length over their private feelings, and a compromise was agreed to, by which the admiral was to hold the fort for a day, and then deliver it up to the Company's officers.

"No better sailor than Watson ever trod a quarter-deck," said Clive to Nevil, "but his pretensions are quite ridiculous, and nothing but the good of the service would induce me to submit to them."

"There is not a braver fellow in the world

than Clive," said the admiral to Coote, "but confound his impudence, if he thinks to set himself above the commander of one of his Majesty's squadrons!"

The two warriors, however, did not let their differences interfere with the progress of their arms. Within a few hours of the capture of Calcutta, which they found plundered of all its stores and reduced to a miserable state of poverty, an expedition sailed up the river, to convince the Nabob of their determination to exact redress for the wrongs and losses sustained by the English. They took and pillaged the town of Hoogley, spread consternation and terror through the neighbouring country, and returned to Fort William laden with spoil. Surajah Dowlah, reposing in fancied security, awoke suddenly to the consciousness that a formidable foe was at his gates.

But, although startled by the intelligence he received, the Nabob was persuaded that he had only to show himself at the head of his invincible troops, to make his adversaries eager to sue for peace. He advanced therefore against Calcutta with a large army, and encamped close to the Mahratta Ditch,

within a short distance of the town. Cunning and cowardly, he at once expressed his willingness to treat, while he sought to evade all concessions, and hoped to impose on the English by a fierce and resolute demeanour. His devices would have had little effect upon Clive, had it not been for the news which at this moment arrived from Europe. The long-threatened war had broken out, and the French in India might be expected to take the field on the side of the enemies of England.

Under these circumstances, Clive deemed it advisable to negotiate, and two deputies were sent to the Nabob's camp to confer with him as to his intentions. They found him seated in barbaric pomp, and surrounded by guards of extraordinary stature, with ferocious countenances, stuffed garments, and enormous turbans, who scowled at the delegates during the interview, and seemed only waiting for a signal to fall upon them and murder them. After this theatrical display, the deputies were dismissed without any satisfactory answer, and returned to their chief with the impression that the Nabob did not intend to treat on equitable terms, and fondly imagined



that he could frighten them into submission to his will.

Then Clive had recourse to his old daring tactics. At three o'clock in the morning, under cover of a dense fog, he broke into the enemy's camp and crossed it from end to end, inflicting serious damage, and inspiring the wildest alarm; and although he did not succeed in reaching the Nabob's tent, and finally had to fight his way back with some loss, the terror he had caused was sufficient to effect his purpose. Surajah Dowlah retired precipitately to a safe distance from Fort William, and consented to terms that were not unacceptable to the English. He agreed that they should remain in undisturbed possession of their former territories, have the privilege of fortifying Calcutta and establishing a mint, and be allowed to pass all their merchandise duty-free; and he engaged to restore all the goods taken from the factories, or to make compensation for such as were lost. A treaty was concluded on these conditions, and three days after the Nabob proposed an alliance offensive and defensive, which was also accepted, though with little faith in his sincerity.

"It goes sadly against the grain," said Clive to Nevil, who had borne his part in the night-attack on the enemy's camp, "to league with such a villain as Surajah Dowlah. I would much rather have pursued him to the last extremity. But the force at our disposal is very small, and my orders are imperative to make all safe against the French. Now that war is declared, we shall have Bussy down upon us if we are not beforehand with him."

"What, then, do you mean to do?"

"Not to go to sleep, like poor old Governor Morse at Madras, but to strike the first blow, and to begin by attacking Chandernagore."

"What! with the help of the Nabob?"

"I do not count upon it. I only want him to remain neutral. Some reinforcements have just arrived from Bombay, and I think we are enough for the work. Watson is of the same opinion."

"You have made up the quarrel with the admiral?"

"Oh! we are sure to agree if there is any fighting in the wind. I shall need his aid to batter the town from the river."

"I hope and trust," said Nevil, "there will be no necessity for a bombardment."

"By George!" exclaimed Clive, "I had almost forgotten that. Chandernagore is the casket which holds your precious jewel. But don't be afraid, my dear fellow. Not a shot shall go near the convent if I can possibly avoid it, and you shall have the pleasure of leading the young lady in triumph from her prison. You ought to be much obliged to me for giving you the chance."

"So I am, in one sense, but of course I must have my doubts and fears. When you were in love with Mrs. Clive——"

"When I *was*, you rascal. I *am* in love as much now as ever, and hope I always shall be. But come, Nevil, don't be down-hearted. No harm shall happen to the fair Louise, and we will drink her health yet in some of the Frenchmen's wine. I mean to have Chandernagore, and you can have the girl of your choice."

"I only wish you may prove a true prophet."

"And why not, lad? We have succeeded in many things, and I don't see why we

should fail in this. I told you we should take Arcot, I told you we should recover Calcutta, and I think I may promise another victory for England, and a little French bride for Nevil Brooke."

CHAPTER II.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

CLIVE's promise of victory was justified by the result. He marched to Chandernagore, and summoned the place to surrender. Receiving no answer, he at once attacked the outworks, drove the enemy from eleven batteries, and erected others from which he assailed them with an incessant fire. This contest continued for six or seven days, when the admiral in the *Kent*, followed by the *Tiger* and the *Salisbury*, surmounting all the obstacles which had been laid down to oppose his progress, anchored his ships so close to the bastions of the fort, and poured in his broadsides with such effect, that in three hours the French capitulated. They were granted honourable terms, and special orders were given that every attention should be

shown to the ladies. It was, of course, Nevil's first care to go in search of Louise.

When he reached the convent, he found that the nuns had been undisturbed in their sanctuary, but he was assured that *Made-moiselle de Ste. Croix* was no longer there. Deeply moved by this intelligence, and somewhat doubtful of its correctness, he insisted on obtaining more definite information, and as this could hardly be refused to one of the victors, he was admitted to a private interview with the Superior. His courteous manners made a favourable impression, and his evident distress of mind soon awakened the interest of the good lady, who supplied him with particulars, the truth of which there could be no reason to question.

Louise had endeared herself to every member of the convent by the sweetness of her disposition, while her quiet and uncomplaining sorrow had excited the general sympathy. Her story had become known, partly through the injunctions of Father Clairvaux, partly through the talk of the *Ayah*; and the inhabitants of a nunnery (in spite of veil and vow) are not altogether insensible to a tale of human love. When therefore the Father

had taken his departure, although they watched over their charge with the vigilance becoming their profession, their womanly feelings were all on her side, and they looked upon her as the heroine of a touching romance, to which they could not help wishing a happy termination. Even the handsome young English heretic, who aspired to the hand of their Catholic sister, became the object of their pious solicitude; and if the image they had formed of him may have sometimes disturbed their devotions, by calling up recollections of the world they had quitted, it was, at all events, in perfect sincerity that they prayed for his conversion to the true faith.

All this was not related in so many words by the Superior, but Nevil gathered much of it from her conversation, and learned enough to feel sure that Louise had really been the cherished guest of the convent, and that universal regret had prevailed in the community, when only a few days before Father Clairvaux had removed his ward from their care. It appeared, that he had returned quite suddenly to Chandernagore, to warn the Governor from secret sources of informa-

tion that the English were about to attack the place, and to carry off Louise beyond the reach of her lover. The Superior could not tell whither they had gone, but was certain that they had left the town, and that the faithful Ayah had accompanied her mistress.

Being satisfied of the accuracy of these details, Nevil could only thank the Superior, and retire in deep dejection from the convent. It was perhaps the worst disappointment he had ever experienced, for his hopes had been raised high by the rapidity of the late successes, and he had never doubted that he should find Louise in the retreat where he had last left her. He had promised himself the delight of sheltering her from the smallest annoyance, and of extending his protection to all in whom she was interested, and he fancied that the occasion was favourable for vanquishing even the obduracy of her Jesuit guardian. But now all these hopes were dashed to the ground, and not the slightest trace was visible of his betrothed, or even of the direction in which she had been conveyed. He was seized with a great discouragement, and almost yielded to despair.

But this time it was Clive who was the

comforter. "Don't you see, lad," he said, "that a priest and a couple of women can't travel very fast or far, and that most likely they would try to join the French somewhere. They would hardly venture towards the sea in the hope of reaching Pondicherry, because the roads were blocked by our troops, and our ships were in possession of the river, and the old Jesuit would be afraid of falling into our hands, lest a tiger like you should fasten upon his ewe lamb. We can easily ascertain if they are still in this neighbourhood, or if they have taken refuge with the Mynheers at Chinsurah. If not, they have gone northward, and are probably bound for Patna. Now I want to send you to Moorshedabad with a message to Watts, and I dare say you will hear something of your friends by the way."

"You give me new hope," replied Nevil. "But what is the message I am to carry?"

"A warning to Watts to beware of Surajah Dowlah, and a pressing request for his latest secret intelligence. You know that he is duly installed as English Resident with the Nabob, who now professes the warmest attachment to him and to all of us. But I

have reason to suspect that the villain is playing us false, and that all along he has been intriguing with the French. It is for Watts to ferret out the truth."

"I am ready to start immediately."

"I thought you would lose no time," said Clive, laughing, "when you found you might kill two birds with one stone. But don't look so serious, Nevil. I have no fear that your private affairs will clash with the public service."

"When I let them do so, I shall forfeit all claim to your confidence. Am I to take letters with me?"

"The less writing we have the better. You may speak and hear things which it would not be safe to commit to paper."

On his way to Moorshedabad, Nevil lost no opportunity of inquiring after the fugitives, and at more than one spot he came upon traces of their passage. Three persons answering to their description—the women in palanquins, and the old man walking sturdily by their side—had been seen upon the road, or had halted at some resting-place for the night; but they were always several days in advance, and at length, as he approached the

city, Nevil missed the clue altogether and could glean no further tidings of them. He was obliged to abandon the search for the present, and to proceed on his mission to Mr. Watts.

That gentleman confirmed all Clive's worst suspicions. He had ascertained beyond doubt, that the Nabob was in constant communication with the French, and that he had invited Bussy to come to his assistance, when he promised to join that distinguished officer with his whole force, and to unite with him in driving the English out of the country.

"He has injured us too deeply ever to forgive us," said Watts, "and he cannot forget the humiliation of having been forced to restore Calcutta. We can place no faith in his friendship, but we must not expect from him the manliness of an open foe. He will go on with his lies and evasions, till he thinks he sees the opportunity of crushing us."

"But are you certain of these intrigues of his?"

"Quite certain. I have my information from different sources—amongst others, from some of his own creatures. You remember Omichund the banker?"

"Oh, yes! he was the richest native in Calcutta before the siege."

"Well, you know these Mahomedans always employ Hindoo agents, and Omichund has wormed himself into the Nabob's confidence for his own purposes. But he too—mild and saintly Brahmin as he is—has not forgotten the losses he has sustained, and means one day to make Surajah Dowlah pay him back sevenfold. He keeps me pretty well informed of whatever passes."

"But how can you trust him?"

"I do not trust him, further than his own interest is concerned. He hopes by our means to get more than he could ever squeeze out of the Nabob, and his ruling passion is avarice. Besides, I have other engines at work, and have tested the truth of some of his revelations. The Nabob himself is ignorant how closely he is watched, and fancies that his dealings with the French are altogether secret. They are chiefly carried on through the agency of the Jesuits."

"The Jesuits!" cried Nevil. "Do you happen to know anything of Father Clairvaux, the Jesuit missionary, or where he is to be found at present?"

“I have heard the name, as of one devoted to his religion, but I should not think he would be employed in these political schemes. The Order, which is never at a loss for proper instruments, would be more likely to use some of its native converts. But I was going to tell you, that the Nabob cannot depend on his own servants. His tyranny and rapacity exceed even the licence granted to Indian princes, and he is surrounded by a smouldering fire of discontent, which any accident may blow into a flame. In my opinion, he is a doomed man, and our only safety lies in hastening his ruin.”

“But how is it to be done?”

“You must wait here a few days, and then I shall be able to tell you more. I suppose Colonel Clive will keep his forces in hand?”

“You may be quite sure of that. He is not the man to be caught slumbering at his post.”

“Well, I may have an important message to send him. In the mean time, I would have you remain as quiet and unobserved as possible. Believe me, we are treading on a mine.”

“You must let me look after some private

business of my own. I will take care not to compromise you in any way."

"Do as you like in that respect. Only remember, that you are in the midst of a network of spies and conspirators. One must have lived long in Bengal, to know what these people really are."

As soon as Nevil was left to himself, he assumed the garb which he thought least likely to attract attention, and went in the character of a travelling merchant to mix with the crowd in the Bazaar, and to pursue his inquiries in various quarters, while apparently cheapening goods and making purchases. He particularly sought out the strangers lately arrived, and led the conversation to what other travellers they had met or passed by the way, but without getting the desired answer to his questions. He visited the different hostelries, the places of resort of the traders and foreigners, and even the haunts of the pilgrims and mendicants, but could nowhere obtain the information he wanted. He began to think that the Jesuit and his companions must have continued their journey in some quite other direction.

As he returned slowly towards the residence of Mr. Watts, he came upon a group of conjurors, who were amusing the crowd with their feats. Besides the ordinary tricks of balancing naked swords on their noses, playing with a dozen balls at once, swallowing knives, and drawing out endless lengths of string from their throats, they could boast of a wonderful snake-charmer, who allowed the venomous reptiles to coil about him, and seemed to handle them at pleasure and do whatever he wished with them. Nevil paused a moment to glance at this strange exhibition, when a water-carrier touched his arm, and beckoned him a little apart from the rest. Then, to his great surprise, the man addressed him in French.

"You are English," he said, "and your name is Monsieur Nevil."

"Yes, that is one of my names. But who are you, and what is your business with me?"

"I am a water-carrier, as you see, but I may have other employments. Father Clairvaux desired me to watch for you, and gave me your full description."

"But how did he know I was coming to these parts?"

"Oh! the Father has many ways of acquiring knowledge. He belongs to a society that has eyes and ears everywhere."

"Of which you too are a member?"

"I did not say so. I leave you to guess what you please. It has nothing to do with the message I have to deliver."

"Tell me," said Nevil, eagerly, "is Father Clairvaux now in Moorshedabad?"

"He has been here, and has left a message behind him. He bade me inform his young English friend, that it would be vain to follow any further on his track, for that he was going where none would ever discover him, until he himself chose. He bade me add, when I saw you, that the lily was still blooming, and that no profane hand should ever pluck it from its stem."

"Now God forgive him!" said Nevil. "He is doing a great wrong to more lives than one. Listen to me, I entreat you, and let me know where Father Clairvaux is to be found. I have not the least intention to injure him or any one else, but it is of the utmost consequence that I should have an interview with him. Whoever you are, you can have no possible interest to refuse my request."

“I have no interest and no will in the matter. I have simply to obey the orders I receive. What should a poor water-carrier know of the affairs of the Feringhees?”

He smiled as he said this, and made the Indian salam. Then he plunged suddenly into the throng, and disappeared almost as quickly as he came. Nevil's first impulse was to follow. But he reflected that a native emissary, trained in the school of the Jesuits, was sure to be prompt and fertile in expedients, and that it would be useless to pursue him through the intricate streets of a crowded city. He turned away therefore with a deeper sense of disappointment, and gave up all present prospect of meeting with the objects of his search. It was clear to him that Father Clairvaux was aware of his movements, and that he had taken measures accordingly to conceal his own. So Nevil resigned himself perforce to this new failure of his hopes, and returned with gloomy and bitter feelings to the house of the English Resident.

CHAPTER III.

PLOT AND COUNTER-PLOT.

ONLY a day or two after, Watts came in a state of great excitement to Nevil.

“You will need all your diligence and all your wariness, Mr. Brooke. You must leave this place unperceived and unsuspected, and never rest till you see Clive. I have positive proof of the treachery of the Nabob. He has not only sent an elephant and a present of jewels to Bussy, but these intercepted letters have fallen into my hands. Guard them with your life, for they contain evidence of the whole plan laid for our destruction. We are to be cajoled till all is ready, and then taken by surprise, and swept off the face of the earth.”

“Will this be the substance of my message?”

“No—there is much more. While the Nabob has been plotting against us, some of his own subjects have been plotting against him. They are weary of his tyranny, stung by his insults, and in constant dread of being sacrificed to his jealous fears. One of the chief men here is the general, Meer Jaffier. He is related to the Nabob, who views him with hatred and terror, so that he is in danger of being assassinated every time he goes to the Durbar, and has at last resolved to act in self-defence. He has opened communications with me through an Armenian, named Petrus, and has given me to understand that, if he could count upon the help of the English, he would be prepared to engage in an attempt to dethrone Surajah Dowlah. Roydulub the treasurer is in the plot, with Omichund and some of the rich bankers, who are all trembling for their fortunes; and they expect to be joined by others.”

“And what do they propose to do?”

“That depends upon Clive. If he will march on Moorshedabad, Meer Jaffier will meet and come over to him with a portion of the army, and the rest of the confederates

will engage to lend him their support. Of course, they will bargain to be well paid for their services."

"In what manner?"

"Most of them in money, but Meer Jaffier will claim the vacant throne, whenever the Nabob falls. It is a bold game, but I think it might be played with success."

"And you think it justifiable on our part?"

"Certainly—if it be right to defend ourselves against a robber and murderer. Have you so soon forgotten the Black Hole?"

"But since then we have made a treaty."

"No treaty can be binding with a scoundrel who is always conspiring to break it. However, it is for our superiors to decide these questions. We have only to furnish them with the facts."

"Should the plot fail, you would be in great danger."

"I know that. My life, and the lives of all the English here, would be at stake. But we must not let such considerations interfere with our duty."

"You are a man after Clive's own heart, Mr. Watts," said Nevil, "and I will take

care to report to him exactly what you have told me. Is there anything more ? ”

“ Nothing—except that he must be cautious to whom he confides our secret. Indiscretion would be almost as fatal as treachery. Do you know if he has young Hastings with him ? ”

“ Yes ; we met Mr. Hastings at Fulta, after he had escaped from here. He joined the expedition, and came with us to Calcutta and Chandernagore.”

“ You may tell the colonel, he will find that young man very useful—an agent to be depended on, close as wax, polished and sharp as steel. But I must not detain you longer, when every moment is precious. Here is the key to a cipher, which we may have to use for our future correspondence. You will leave the city on foot with a native guide, but horses and relays are provided, and you have travelled the road before. If we should never meet again——”

“ I hope we shall ! ”

“ I hope so, too ; but life is precarious in this country, and our safety hangs upon a thread. At all events, we will shake hands at parting.”

Then the two Englishmen took a grave and silent farewell of each other, acknowledging by their looks and gestures that they recognized the danger of the situation. Half an hour after, Nevil had left the city, and was on his way to the English camp.

It was pitched on a plain to the north of Hoogley, and there Clive had kept his troops together since the capture of Chandernagore. He was waiting anxiously for tidings from Watts, and when Nevil had communicated all he knew, and made over the intercepted letters to his commander, the latter drew a long breath, and seemed to experience a feeling of relief.

"There is now no room for hesitation," he said. "The treason of Surajah Dowlah is clear and palpable, and either he or we must perish in the struggle. But Watts still wishes us to temporize, and I cannot neglect his advice, or expose him unnecessarily to bear the brunt of the tyrant's vengeance. My own wish would be to go forward at once."

"But we are not yet sure of our allies."

"We can never be sure of them, and the more time they have to consider, the more

likely they are to betray us. But of course I must wait to hear further from Watts. I have orders to return to Madras, but I mean to remain here at any risk, till I have completed this business. I am convinced that we are at the crisis of our fate."

The next few weeks were full of doubts, fears, and suspicions. Every message from Watts, conveyed in all sorts of ways, revealed some new complication in a tangled web of intrigues. Now it was the Nabob, who had assembled a large army at Plassey, and seemed to be meditating some decisive blow, while he continued his assurances of regard and friendship for the English. Now it was Omichund, who went and came between the Nabob and the Resident, and was equally ready with his expressions of devotion to both of them. And now it was Meer Jaffier, who appeared to be reconciled with Surajah Dowlah, while he engaged still more deeply in the conspiracy, and at the same time warned the English to be on their guard against Omichund. It was impossible to know whom to trust, or what to believe, and every day that passed increased the perplexity and confusion.

Then Clive found valuable assistance in the cool sagacity of young Hastings. It required a keen eye and a sure hand, to unravel the threads of these mysterious plots, and Hastings was possessed of both. There was, too, a Mr. Scrafton in the Company's service, who was admitted to the full confidence of Clive and Watts, and who made himself extremely useful as an agent, both in the intercourse between them, and in communicating with Meer Jaffier and the other conspirators. But Nevil seemed rather to shrink from this new kind of business, and grew more uneasy and restless as the plan proceeded.

"What is the matter with you, Nevil?" said Clive one day to him, when they were alone together. "Your spirits used to be buoyant in all weathers, but now you look as if you were always under a cloud. Is it thinking of the fair Louise?"

"Of course, that has something to do with it—but I cannot say it is only that. Am I to speak to you as a soldier to his commander, or as an old friend?"

"What the devil do you mean, Brooke? Did I ever take the airs of a superior officer with you?"

“Well, then, I confess I am sick of this secret plotting. It seems to me so unnatural, so different from our usual mode of action. To be involved with a set of rascals in nothing but lies and evasions, and to be forced ourselves to have recourse to concealment and subterfuge—I do not like it at all.”

“And do you suppose I like it?” said Clive, starting from his seat, and walking rapidly up and down the room. “Is it in my character to use the coward’s weapon, deceit? Or do you think I would not rather cut the Gordian knot with the sword? But what am I to do, when great interests are at stake, to which your life and mine are trifles in comparison? And as for Surajah Dowlah, I feel no compunction on his account. He has not yet paid us for that night in the Black Hole.”

“I was not thinking of him or his deserts. Use every man after his desert, as Hamlet says, and who shall escape whipping? I was thinking of our own honour.”

“Leave me to take care of that!” said Clive angrily. “Would you have me consign my friends to destruction, and my country’s cause to ruin, for the sake of nice

and punctilious dealing with knaves to whom honesty is a jest and truth a mockery? You are a good fellow, Nevil, but a little too scrupulous for such a moment as this. Necessity has no law, and we are not bound by the rules of chivalry in a den of brigands. But be that as it may, even as I would sacrifice peace, and health, and life, I would hazard name and fame in the struggle on which I have entered. Let England triumph in India, and my countrymen may condemn me if they will!"

He spoke with a vehemence, which was perhaps partly intended to combat his own doubts; and Nevil, silenced if not convinced, made no further attempt at remonstrance. After a pause of some minutes, Clive resumed the conversation in his ordinary tone.

"I have just heard from Watts, that the Nabob's suspicions are awakened. To remove them I must break up the camp here, and send the troops to Calcutta and Chandernagore. They will be within call when wanted, but every hour's delay adds to the danger of discovery. I must despatch Scrafton to conclude the treaty with Meer Jaffier, and get Watts to satisfy the pretensions of Omichund

and the rest. They are all like vultures, ready to swoop down upon their prey—or rather like jackals, that would leave to us the perils of the chase, and take the spoils for themselves.”

“You have certainly a fine opinion of our confederates!”

“Ah, Nevil!” said Clive, with a sudden burst of almost boyish feeling; “it was better fun at Arcot, when we could all trust each other, and fight fair, and hit out straight before us like men. It is not from choice, believe me, that I have to put up with bad company and crooked ways. The road, too, is none of the cleanest; but, by George, we are in the mire, and we must scramble through it as best we can.”

In the transactions which immediately followed, Clive acted consistently on the above theory. He opposed craft with craft, and had a counter-blast ready for every mine sprung by the enemy. Accustomed to do nothing by halves, he showed as much activity and resolution in scheming and plotting, as ever he had displayed on the field of battle. But it must be owned that he stooped to a series of devices, which have

tarnished the brightness of his otherwise illustrious name.

Roused to suspicion by what was passing around him, the Nabob summoned Watts to his presence, accused him of treachery, and threatened to impale him or cut off his head. The Englishman answered boldly and firmly, and the next day the prince withdrew his imputations, and appeared to be satisfied, but evidently retained his secret fears. Then Clive wrote friendly and soothing letters to Surajah Dowlah, at the very time he was urging Meer Jaffier to revolt, and promising to hasten to his aid. A little later, Omichund made extravagant demands for his services, and gave significant hints that he would betray the whole plot to the Nabob, unless his claim to thirty lacs of rupees (or three hundred thousand pounds sterling) was inserted in the treaty which defined the engagements of the confederates. Clive met this difficulty by preparing *two* treaties—a true and a false one—the first for use, the second to deceive Omichund. Admiral Watson objected to sign the fictitious treaty. Clive disposed of his objections by allowing his signature to be counterfeited.



At length, the preliminaries being all arranged, it was time to throw off the mask, and to proceed to action. One last letter had to be conveyed to Watts, to inform him that everything was ready, and to urge him to effect his escape. This important missive was intrusted to the care of Nevil, who willingly accepted a charge that involved the safety of his friend the Resident, while it indicated that the late underhand practices were to be superseded by more English methods of open dealing.

CHAPTER IV.

A DISCOVERY.

“So you see I am still alive,” said Watts to Nevil, when the latter had arrived once more at Moorshedabad, “but I assure you I have felt the rope round my neck all the time, and this perhaps is the most dangerous moment of all. Omichund is at Calcutta—we wanted to get rid of him, and persuaded the old fox he would be safer there—and Meer Jaffier is fortified in his palace; but I, and the two or three English left, are entirely without defence. Still, I wish to remain to the last possible minute, to lull the Nabob’s suspicions, and to watch Meer Jaffier’s movements. What force has the colonel, and when will he march?”

“He may have nearly a thousand English, including the sailors, and some two

thousand Sepoys, and he means to march immediately."

"That is a very small force for such an enterprise. The Nabob will have an army of fifty or sixty thousand men at least, and Meer Jaffier, who promised such great things at first, now says that he cannot count upon more than three thousand soldiers. He declares that, as soon as the English come in sight, he will beat his big drum, display his standard, and join them with all the troops he can muster ; but even now I have no faith in his professions. If he thought we were likely to fail, he would turn against us without compunction."

"When once the plotting is over," said Nevil, "and Clive is himself again, I have not much fear of failure. But I think you ought to provide for your own safety, and take your departure at once."

"I shall not delay much longer, and you must be caring for yourself. I have sent Collet and Sykes and the surgeon to a country-house called Maudipore, and I will give you a guide to take you there, and join you as soon as I can. I am waiting for another message from Meer Jaffier."

"Then I will wait here to accompany you," said Nevil. "I should not like to leave you alone at such a time."

The Resident looked at his young friend, as if he understood the feeling that prompted him, and did not try to press him further. There is a freemasonry amongst brave men, which needs no word or sign to make them appreciate and respect each other's motives.

The hours passed slowly, while waiting for Meer Jaffier's message, and Nevil, wrapping himself in a long Persian cloak, ventured once more into the streets of Moorshedabad. He had not gone far from the house where Watts resided, when the same water-carrier he had formerly met suddenly stood before him.

"You cannot hide yourself from me, Monsieur Nevil," he said. "I knew of your arrival, and have watched for your coming out. Follow me. You are wanted instantly."

"Stop a little," returned Nevil. "I do not see why, at a stranger's bidding, I should follow I know not whither. If you have anything to say, you can say it here and now."

"I have nothing to say," replied the man.



“I told you before, I was but as a staff in the hands of others. It is Father Clairvaux that sends me ; and he bade me add, if you hesitated, that you were bound to follow me for the sake of the person you love best on earth.”

“Lead on !” said Nevil, resolutely. “I will go with you wherever you please.”

The man shouldered the yoke from which depended his water-skins, and hurried along the crowded thoroughfares, with Nevil close behind him. He did not appear to look right or left, and yet occasionally a sign of recognition passed between him and one or two people by the way—some loiterer in the street, some barber standing at his shop-door, some tailor seated at his board. But he neither spoke nor paused, till he reached an open space in front of a magnificent building, which towered above the other houses in the city, and which Nevil knew to be the palace of the Nabob. Then the guide pointed to a small clump of trees, and motioning to his companion, that there was the place where he was expected, turned away in the opposite direction and left the Englishman to pursue his path alone.

As Nevil entered the welcome shade of the trees, he saw what appeared to be the figure of a venerable Brahmin, clad all in white, with the mystic thread of his caste about him. But as he drew nearer, the figure accosted him in a well-known voice, and said: "Thank God you are come! I have waited anxiously for you, my son."

It was indeed Father Clairvaux, but so altered, that, even apart from his disguise, Nevil would hardly have recognized him by his looks. He had grown leaner and more haggard than ever, his eyes were blood-shot, his features were convulsed as if by some mental anguish, and his tall, majestic frame was bowed down by an invisible burden.

"Can it be you, Father? What terrible sorrow has befallen you?"

"You may well ask. I thought I had schooled myself to bear all things patiently, but this last blow has been too much for the Stoic's pride or the Christian's faith. Oh, Louise! Oh, my child!"

"Good heavens, Father! what do you mean? Where is Louise, and what has happened to her?"



“I will try and answer you calmly. You know when we parted at Chandernagore——”

“Yes, yes—but first tell me—is she alive and well?”

“She is alive, and I trust well, but in great trouble and danger. They have taken her from me—my dear, innocent child!”

“Who has taken her? Answer me at once, I conjure you!”

“I was planning to keep her from you—and in that I was acting righteously—but, fool that I was, I did not provide against worse evils. I made you think we had left Moorshedabad; but we have been living here in retirement, and I had other business to attend to, business of the Order, and I could not watch over her as closely as I ought. Yet none would have seen her, but for an accident. She was returning from the bath, when the Nabob passed with his rabble court, and some of the poor people getting by chance in his way, and his elephant being stopped for a moment, his brutal soldiers fell upon the crowd with their whips and sabres. Alarmed by the shrieks and tumult, Louise drew back the curtains, and looked out from her palanquin. That instant decided her fate. Surajah

Dowlah caught sight of the young, beautiful face, and longed for her with the longing that befits a beast of prey. She was followed, tracked to our humble abode, marked out for another victim. That night, our house was surrounded by armed men, who gagged and bound me in my own chamber, and carried off the dear child by force. Only the old Ayah clung to her mistress with such desperate energy, that they feared perhaps to hurt the girl if they tore them asunder, and they suffered them to remain together. Since then, I have not seen my child."

"But what did you do?"

"As soon as I was released—which was only the next morning, when I was found by a servant—I hastened to the Nabob's palace. I am not without friends or interest at his court—I have had some transactions there, no matter what—and I used all my credit to obtain redress for this great wrong. But I was told that, in what regarded the Nabob's private fancies, he would listen to no counsels, submit to no influence, and that none dared even speak to him on the subject of his vices. Then I demanded an interview on public business—business of the highest importance

—and having once gained admittance to the tyrant's presence, and given him tidings that he was very anxious to hear, I called upon him to restore my child. Then the whole brute nature of the man flashed out in fury, his passion triumphed over his cowardice, and although he knew I might yet have power to serve or injure him, he bade them drive me from the palace, and threatened to slit my nose and cut off my ears, if ever I showed myself there again. Since then, I have lingered here in disguise, but I have not been able to enter those unhallowed gates."

"But, Father, what of Louise? Have you heard anything of her?"

"Yes—I have still some agents within those walls—some even in the Zenana—and I know that she is bearing herself bravely, like a Christian maiden and a French soldier's daughter. More than once the tyrant has retired from her presence baffled and crest-fallen, and I feel sure that she will die rather than submit to dishonour."

"But surely, if you have agents in the palace, there is only one course to take. We must attempt her rescue without a moment's delay. You know that I would risk more than life in such a cause."

"It is impossible, my son. I have calculated all the chances, but the palace is too well guarded to permit the hope of an escape. Yet I think that rescue may be at hand."

"Do not let us talk in riddles, Father. I know what you mean. You think that Bussy may arrive with a French army, and that then Louise will be safe. Is it not so?"

"And you think, my son, that you may be beforehand with him. Well, it is vain to speculate on the issues of war. It is therefore that I have sought this meeting. I shall remain here as long as I can, and watch for every opportunity. But I believe that you English are about to move, and who can tell what may happen? At all events, you now know where Louise is to be found."

"Would I had known it before!" said Nevil bitterly. "And God grant our assistance may not come too late! You did what you thought right, Father, but your precautions have been the cause of a great calamity."

"My grief is deep as yours," replied the Jesuit, "but my conscience does not reproach me. I acted for the salvation of souls, and the good of the Church, and I would do the same under the same circumstances. Leave

me to my sorrow, and go back to your duty, as I to mine."

"Father," cried Nevil, "we will save Louise yet! Only, no more tricks, no more concealment! We will raise such a storm about Surajah Dowlah's ears, that he will have neither time nor inclination for dalliance. Your Bussy is far off, but the avengers of blood are near. You shall soon see me again."

He wrung the old man's hand as if in earnest of his promise, and was gone without another word. As he sped along the streets of the city, the one thought in his mind was how soonest to reach and rescue his beloved. He was breathless from haste and excitement, when he arrived at the house of the Resident.

"I have been very uneasy at your absence," said Watts, "and you are only just in time. Meer Jaffier sends to inform me, that the Nabob has certainly got some inkling of the conspiracy, and that I am to be arrested before night. He urges me to fly at once. I have been accustomed to visit the factory at Cossimbazar, and our going there will awaken no suspicion. It is the first step on the road to freedom, and my faithful Tartar, who has

brought me the message from Meer Jaffier, is ready to attend us. He has ordered the palanquins to the door, and we must depart openly, and without appearance of hurry. A single mistake would ruin all."

So Nevil had to control his impatience, and to walk leisurely from the house, and take his seat quietly in his palanquin. No attempt was made to interfere with the departure of the travellers, but Nevil observed that they were followed at a distance by a man on horseback, who seemed to keep an eye on all their movements. When they reached the factory, which was already deserted by the rest of the English, Watts called aloud to some of the native servants, and told them to have supper prepared for a party of five or six, as the other gentlemen would return with him from Maudipore. He then continued his journey to the country-house, where Collet, Sykes, and the surgeon were waiting to receive him, and they all proceeded to consult with the Tartar as to the best means of effecting their escape.

This Tartar, named Mirza Shah Buzbeg, was an old soldier, brave and full of resources, and much attached to Mr. Watts. He at

once suggested a plan, which was adopted without hesitation.

The palanquins were sent back, with other covered carriages of a similar kind, so as to give the impression to a spy that the whole party were returning together to Cossimbazar; and the English had the satisfaction of seeing from the house, that the procession was followed by the same horseman who had hitherto tracked their course. As soon as the palanquins were well on the road, the Englishmen mounted their horses, and set out, accompanied by the Tartar, and attended by their grooms on foot and some dog-keepers leading greyhounds. At first, they proceeded southward at a gentle pace, as if in search of game; but after a time they appeared to have changed their minds, and dismissed the dog-keepers with the remark, that they intended to return leisurely another way. It was now getting dusk, and directed by the Tartar, who knew the country well, they quitted the road and struck suddenly to the left. Then they put their horses to full speed, followed on foot by the grooms, who had the Indian faculty of keeping up with them; and skirting a line of thickets, which extended for many miles over

an uninhabited region, they never stopped till near midnight, when they reached a village on the bank of the river. This place was occupied by some of the Nabob's cavalry, picketed on each side of the road, but so fast asleep that the travellers passed without disturbing them. Arriving at the edge of the stream, they found two boats just capable of containing the riders, and hastened to embark on these frail vessels. But the Tartar would not abandon his four-footed favourites, and with the grooms led them somewhat lower down, where he met with another boat into which he and his companions got, and holding the horses by their lengthened bridles swam them all safely across the river, and subsequently brought them uninjured to his English friends.

Meanwhile, the fugitives rowed rapidly down the stream, till they came upon a company of soldiers with boats, who might, they feared, be enemies, but who proved, to their great joy, to be a party despatched by Clive to look for them. They now learned for certain, that the English had begun their march and had already advanced beyond Hoogley; so after a short rest and some

slight refreshment, they started before day-break with the boats and escort, and continued their course to the town of Culnah, where they joined the main body of the army and were welcomed with hearty congratulations by their countrymen.

BOOK XI.—PLASSEY.



CHAPTER I.

THE COUNCIL OF WAR.

NEVIL had never before felt as he did now. He had borne his part in war when circumstances required, and had done his duty as well as the bravest of his fellows; but he had no special taste for the profession of arms, and no desire to remain a soldier. Yet in the present instance he was seized with a longing for battle, which brooked no delay, and grew fiercer with every hindrance. It was like a burning thirst to encounter Surajah Dowlah and his host, and his one thought was how to fight his way to the prison of his Louise, and to rescue her, or to perish in the attempt.

And now, having taken the field, Clive

sent a declaration to the Nabob, in which he recapitulated all the wrongs the English had suffered at his hands, and all the treasons of which he had been guilty; and informed him that they were marching to Moorshedabad, to obtain redress of their grievances. He followed up this epistle by capturing the town and fort of Cutwah, and advancing amid rain and storm along the western bank of the Hoogley, he encamped by the side of the river, and waited for further intelligence from Meer Jaffier.

But nothing satisfactory was heard of that personage, who seems to have resolved not to commit himself finally to either party, till he could see more distinctly the chances of failure or success. It is true that he had sworn by Allah and the Prophet to be faithful to the English; but then he had taken precisely the same oath to the Nabob, with whom he now pretended to be acting in concert. All that Clive could learn was, that the Nabob had a large army at Plassey on the opposite bank of the river, and as yet Meer Jaffier made no sign of fulfilling his engagements.

It was on the 21st of June, 1757, that Clive

summoned a Council of War, to deliberate on what was next to be done. He was so accustomed to act on his own responsibility, without waiting to consult the judgment of others, that this step astonished and staggered his officers, who saw in it a proof of the extreme gravity of the occasion. They met round the board with serious and anxious looks, and their gloom was not dispelled by the first address of their commander. The black fit seemed to be upon him, and he spoke in a tone of doubt that was altogether opposed to his usual decision of character. He laid before them the reasons he had for distrusting the good faith of the confederates, and he put it to them whether it would be prudent to advance at once and attack the Nabob, or whether it would not be wiser to remain where they were, until they could increase their strength, or get assistance from other allies.

Then Major Kilpatrick rose, a good and experienced officer, and argued forcibly against the rashness of an immediate attack. He described the imminent danger to which their little army would be exposed, if they crossed the river in the face of such vastly

superior numbers, and with nothing but treachery to expect from those who had promised to join them. A reverse, he thought, would be fatal, cut off as they must be from retreat, and from all possibility of succour. They were, of course, ready to hazard their lives if necessary, but he was of opinion that the proposed risk was not justified by the circumstances of the case.

Major Grant spoke in the same sense as Kilpatrick, and insisted strongly on the great and irretrievable shock, which a defeat would give to the English fortunes in India. While they remained in their camp, which they might easily intrench and fortify, the worst that could happen would be that they gained no advantage. But to lose a battle would be to lose all.

Then Eyre Coote sprang to his feet, and in fiery language combated the views of the last speakers. To delay was simply to afford time for the French to come to the aid of Surajah Dowlah. Their approach would add vigour to his councils and strength to his arms. At present, he was haunted by fears and suspicions, while the English, down to the common soldiers, were full of ardour and

confident of success. To stop short so near the enemy would be to damp the courage of their own men. It would destroy the last chance of their being joined by any of the native chiefs, while bold and resolute action would probably have the contrary effect. Besides, there was really more danger in stopping than in advancing. The rainy season was setting in, the enemy might impede their communications and cut off their supplies, and disease and famine might ruin them more effectually than the loss of a battle. If they were not to advance, they had better break up the camp and return to Calcutta.

Other officers delivered their opinions on either side of the question, and when it came to Nevil's turn to speak, he supported Coote with his utmost energy.

"If we had been too cautious," he said, "we should have lost the Carnatic. You talk of disparity of numbers. Was there no such difference at Arcot?"

"I do full justice to the gallant defenders of Arcot," replied Kilpatrick, "and I shall never forget the day we marched to your relief, and the state in which we found you. But you must remember that you were fight-

ing behind stone walls, and that here you would have to meet the enemy in the open plain. I would not be over nice in counting numbers, but I think the disparity is too great. If our information is correct, it would be three thousand men against sixty thousand."

"But eight hundred of them are British soldiers!" cried Coote.

"And all of them," added Nevil, "have full confidence in their leaders."

"I honour your spirit, gentlemen," said Grant, "but I would not willingly lead brave men to destruction. We have only ten guns; I am told that the enemy has fifty. We have no cavalry; I hear that the enemy has fifteen thousand."

"We have sailors from the fleet to work our guns," interposed Nevil.

"And they will probably have Frenchmen to work theirs," replied Grant.

And so the discussion continued, till Clive put the question to the vote, and the majority decided in favour of the policy of inaction. As Clive himself gave his voice on that side, the matter was considered to be finally settled, and the council broke up in silence and

despondency, feeling as soldiers feel when obliged to relinquish a too daring but glorious enterprise.

“What has come over the colonel?” said Coote to Nevil. “He seems to me altered from his former self.”

“He is subject to fits of gloom,” replied Nevil, “but I never before saw him give way to them in the midst of war. I think his health has suffered from the strain of the life he has led lately, condemned to intrigues and subterfuges that are foreign to his natural temper. He would soon recover his spirits on the field of battle.”

“I only wish he would try the remedy,” grumbled Coote.

“And I,” said Nevil, “would give all that I have in the world for an order to cross the river!”

When Clive quitted the assembly of his officers, he wandered forth alone in the direction of a neighbouring grove. The soldiers saw him leave the camp, and the sentinels saluted as he passed, but he was so absorbed in thought that he scarcely seemed to notice them. His mind was oppressed by a weight of responsibility, which none could

share with him, and which no council of war could remove or diminish. As he walked up and down the grove, in the shade of the great trees, he felt more and more that all he had schemed and struggled for was at stake, and that to advance or recede was alike beset with perils. To advance was to run the risk of a signal overthrow; which he might not choose to survive, but which would none the less ruin the cause in which he was engaged. To halt in his career was to undo all that had been done, and to give time and opportunity for new combinations, which might in the end prove equally fatal. In the one short hour, during which he paced silently to and fro, a combat was raging within him, which involved not only his own fate and that of his little army, but the honour of England and the future destinies of India. The issue of the mental strife was for awhile doubtful; but it was not in his nature to hesitate long, and the bolder course had ever the most charm for him. Suddenly, by a strong effort of the will, he shook off the incubus that was pressing him down. His brow cleared, his eye lightened, he began once more to breathe freely, and all the mists rolled away from the

prospect before him. He had taken a resolution, and with him to resolve was to act.

Nevil had strolled out in the same direction as his commander, and was approaching the grove in the dull and listless mood which tells of disappointment and hope delayed, when he saw Clive advancing towards him with firm and rapid steps. The change was so marked in the aspect of the chief, since they parted at the council-board only an hour before, that Nevil could hardly believe his eyes. But Clive left him no time for conjecture as to the cause. He walked straight up to his aide-de-camp, and struck him playfully on the shoulder.

"Look alive, lad!" he said. "I have made up my mind to fight. We cross the river to-morrow morning."

CHAPTER II.

THE BATTLE.

AT sunrise on the following day, the English camp was all bustle and excitement, and the river was crowded with the boats that were to carry the army across to the opposite shore. It was four in the afternoon before the transport was completely effected, and during the interval no enemy appeared to dispute the passage. Clive learned on landing that the Nabob's troops were still encamped at Plassey, a few miles further on, and at once determined to march thither without resting. About one o'clock in the morning, his vanguard reached a grove of stately mango-trees, which fronted a peninsula formed by a curve of the river, and they knew by the sound of drums, clarions, and cymbals, now distinctly heard, that they must be within a short dis-

tance of the enemy. In fact, the whole of Surajah Dowlah's forces lay close at hand, some on the peninsula, and some in the intrenchments which extended three miles beyond; and the Nabob himself was there, having arrived a few hours earlier.

The English took possession of the grove, and their guns being placed in position, and their sentinels duly planted, the soldiers were glad to rest after the fatigues of the day. But Clive and his officers hardly slept that night. They made the round of the different posts, watched for the slightest indication of hostile movements, listened anxiously to every sound, and waited impatiently for the dawn. When it came at last, they saw the enemy's camp spread out like a map before them, covering a large space of ground, diversified with tanks and hillocks, and guarded by redoubts bristling with cannon. In the midst was the great pavilion of the Nabob, all silk and cloth of gold, with his standard displayed on high and a troop of steel-clad horsemen drawn up in front of it. And all around, as far as the eye could reach, the tents of a mighty host gleamed like a sea of foam-crested billows in the first rays of the morn-

ing sun, while gay turbans and flashing arms flitted to and fro, and the murmur of innumerable voices proclaimed that a vast multitude was already awake and stirring.

To have a better view of the scene, Clive ascended to the top of a hunting-lodge near the grove, from which he could survey the country for some miles, and overlook every movement of the enemy. He had expected, on this eventful morning, to receive some message from Meer Jaffier, or at least some hint of his proximity. But no message came, although it was afterwards explained that one had been sent, and that the officer in charge of it had missed his way. However that might be, Clive was left without any assurance of aid from the confederates, and saw that he must depend solely on his own strategy and the valour of his troops. It was clear that he must begin by acting on the defensive, against the enormous superiority of the numbers about to be hurled against him, and his quick glance seized at once on every peculiarity of the ground, and took advantage of every bank or ditch that could be made available for cover. He disposed his few guns so as best to command the

approaches, and stationed his men a little in advance of the grove, sufficiently visible to avoid the appearance of fear, and yet with such shelter as the nature of the site permitted. Each officer had his orders what special points to guard, how long he was to hold his position, and when to fall back on his supports in case of any danger of being outflanked. And when he had thus taken every possible measure of precaution, Clive calmly folded his arms, and waited resolutely for the attack.

On it came, like the meeting of many waters. From the various openings and entrances to the camp, long lines of warriors poured forth in continued streams, with the roll of drums, the clash of cymbals, the waving of banners, the glitter and the din of arms. A splendid cavalry, supplied by the more northern provinces, with bright helmets and breast-plates, and horses richly caparisoned, formed the two wings of the army and spread themselves over the plain. Between the files of the infantry were huge moveable batteries—stages raised upon wheels six feet above the ground—bearing both artillery and ammunition, and drawn by forty or fifty yoke

of white oxen of the largest size. Behind each of these stages walked a majestic elephant, ready to push or pull, and assist with his strength and intelligence. The cannon were generally of heavy metal, but some lighter pieces were moved rapidly to the front by a small body of Frenchmen, and planted on the brink of a tank near the grove, so as to bear directly on the English. Dense masses of horse and foot hurried forward to support these guns, while the rest of the army advanced in columns to the attack, extending in a long curve beyond the extreme right of the defenders, and threatening like some gigantic serpent to envelope them in its deadly embrace.

With his left resting on the river, and his rear protected by the grove, Clive viewed undismayed the approach of this mighty armament. The first shot was fired by the assailants. It came from the tank, killed one and wounded another of the English, and, acting as a signal, was followed by the simultaneous discharge of all the heavy cannon. Fortunately, the gunners for the most part fired too high, and the balls passed over the heads of the thin line of red-coats. But

the English sailors and artillerymen answered the fire with effect, and their shot, ploughing through the columns of the enemy, did much mischief in the close-packed throng. Still, even if they killed ten for every one of their own who fell, the numbers were too unequal for a long continuance of this kind of combat, and they were reluctantly compelled to withdraw into the shelter of the grove. Here Clive ordered them to lie down under cover of the banks and trees, only exposing such of them as were necessary to work the guns. Then the enemy, supposing them to have fallen back in panic, drew nearer with more boldness, and poured their fire into the grove; but their shot, chiefly striking the trees, did little execution, while they met with so warm a reception from the other side, that their foremost ranks were swept down or scattered, and they had to retire with loss. And so the cannonade went on, hour after hour, the enemy continually attacked and continually repulsed, while the sky clouded over, and the rain came down in torrents, damaging the powder, and blinding the eyes of the combatants. Still, the thunder of the artillery never ceased, and the same manœuvres were repeated again and

again; but all the efforts of the assailant could make no impression on the invincible little band in the grove, and Clive saw with satisfaction that frequent explosions took place in the hostile batteries.

It was nearly noon, when Nevil, burning with impatience, walked up to his commander who was seated quietly on the ground.

"How long is this to last, colonel?" he said. "When shall we have leave to charge?"

"Don't be in a hurry, lad! It is not yet time."

"But this cannot go on for ever!"

"No—but we may have to wait till night, before we can attack with advantage. Darkness counts for something in a game of twenty to one. You ought to know me well enough, to be sure I shall not miss the opportunity."

"But the men will grow disheartened by delay."

"Then the officers must set them a good example. Don't be foolish, Nevil! Lie down close under yonder hedge, and keep clear of this infernal pounding. I shall not stir a step till I think fit."

There was nothing for it but to obey, and the roar of the guns went rolling on, till Clive, wearied out by his long and anxious watch, wrapped his cloak about him, and dropped asleep for a few minutes. He was roused by the sharp sound of musketry near at hand.

“What is that?” he exclaimed, starting up.

“It is some of our men attacking the tank,” replied Nevil.

“Who has dared to move an inch without my orders?” cried the commander, his eyes flashing fire as he spoke.

At that instant, a young officer came running towards them, with a message from Kilpatrick. The major had seen a favourable opportunity to dislodge the Frenchmen from the battery at the tank, and had taken advantage of it accordingly. Clive did not wait to hear more, but rushed impetuously in that direction.

“What is the meaning of this, sir?” he said, as he came up with Kilpatrick.

“I thought,” replied the major, “that we could render good service——”

“You *thought*, sir! A soldier’s first thought should be obedience. You are risk-

ing all by advancing too soon. However, we must have the tank now. Run back to the grove, and bring up our whole force. I will take the command of this party."

The major flew to execute the order of his chief, but long before he returned, Clive was in possession of the tank. The Frenchmen had abandoned the post and retreated to a redoubt within the intrenchments, from which they renewed their fire on the advancing English lines.

It was now two o'clock, and all was yet doubtful; for although the cannonade had slackened, and the enemy, finding they could make no progress, had begun to yoke their trains of oxen and to withdraw their heavy guns, they kept up a constant discharge of musketry from ditch, and hollow, and bush, and hillock; and their cavalry made repeated and furious onsets, but were as often driven back by the steady fire of the English.

Clive had halted at a rising ground, a little beyond the tank, and proceeded once more to take a deliberate survey of the field of battle. His attention was attracted by a large body of troops on his right, who had hovered about the skirts of the army without engaging in

the action, and who had several times approached the grove in a doubtful and hesitating manner, but retired on being received with a shower of bullets. These troops now appeared to be moving off, and to be separating themselves from the rest of the Nabob's forces. Then the truth flashed suddenly on the mind of the English commander, that these must be Meer Jaffier's soldiers, who, although they had not joined him at the commencement according to promise, had remained neutral during the fight, and were waiting for the result to declare in his favour. Almost at the same moment, his quick eye caught signs of confusion in the enemy's ranks, where some of the leaders had fallen, and he determined to make the last and crowning effort for victory. He ordered his whole army to advance in three divisions, to storm redoubts and intrenchments, and finish the struggle with the bayonet.

It was a sight never to be forgotten, when that mere handful of brave men rushed forward to charge the immense multitude opposed to them. They had grown weary of waiting, and chafed at the long restraint in which they had been held; but in that

supreme moment there was no trace of fatigue or discontent, nor was there any difference now between those who had been for and those who had been against fighting. Grant and Kilpatrick were amongst the most eager in leading on their several detachments—Coote sprang to the front of the soldiers of his own regiment, shouting: “Forward, thirty-ninth! to day we must win a name for our colours!”—while Nevil, his sword in one hand, and waving his hat with the other, called aloud to the gallant youths that followed in his footsteps: “Gentlemen Volunteers! we must not let the King’s men get before us!”—and so, with a burst of cheering that carried victory in its very sound, with rattle of musketry and bright gleam of levelled bayonets, the little army of England swept down like an irresistible torrent on the enemy.

But the battle was already won.

Surajah Dowlah, cowardly as he was cruel, had exhibited throughout the morning the weakness and vacillation of his character, and as the day wore on seemed to lose what small share of intelligence he had ever possessed. At first, he had issued imperative orders to exterminate the infidels at a single blow; and

when he found that it was not so easy to exterminate them, and that hour after hour his troops failed to penetrate their hedge of steel, and fell back in confusion before their fire, he passed through all the gradations from insolent presumption to abject fear. At one moment, he raged furiously against his officers, accused them of treason, and threatened to put them to death. At another, he implored them in piteous tones not to desert or betray him, and sending for Meer Jaffier to his tent, he flung his turban at the feet of that general, and conjured him to defend it as a sacred charge. The wily soldier crossed his arms upon his breast and bowed, and then rejoined his followers to wait the course of events. But the Nabob grew more and more disturbed every minute, sometimes meditating flight, sometimes consoled by the flattery and foolish suggestions of his parasites, now yielding to paroxysms of terror, and now shaken by impotent bursts of passion; till, as he saw Meer Jeffier retiring from the field, and heard the cheers of the advancing English, the one instinct of self-preservation swallowed up every other feeling, and mounting a swift camel, and

calling his guard of horsemen about him, he started at full speed for his capital, and abandoned his army to its fate.

Instantly, the rumour of his flight spread through the ranks, the panic became general, and the mighty host melted away, without stopping to encounter the charge of the hostile bayonets. Redoubts and intrenchments were carried almost without resistance, and as the English descended on the camp, they saw before them, stretching out in endless lines, a confused mass of men and horses, oxen, camels, and elephants, jumbled together in wild disorder, and struggling desperately to escape; while the further progress of the victors was impeded by tents overthrown, broken carriages, and dismounted cannon, with baggage piled up in heaps, and stores scattered loosely about, and all the wreck that accompanies the dispersion of a great armament.

"It is a total rout," said Clive, as he entered the camp, and ordered his men to halt. "We only want cavalry to complete the destruction of the enemy. But stand to your arms, gentlemen! they are yet enough to return and smother us by mere force of numbers."

All fear of return or rally was, however, soon set at rest. Meer Jaffier's officer, who ought to have delivered his message some hours before, arrived with excuses and congratulations, to announce that his master's forces were at the service of the English, and that he himself would wait on Colonel Clive the first thing in the morning. The latter appointed Daudpore on the road to Moorshe-dabad as the place of meeting, and resolved at once to march thither, promising his troops that they should lose nothing by abandoning the plunder of the camp. Tired as they were from the long day's fight, the victorious soldiers hailed their commander's words with shouts of exultation, and were ready to follow him on the instant. It was eight o'clock in the evening when they reached Daudpore, and rested at last from their labours in the joyful certainty of success.

It was indeed a wonderful victory which they had that day achieved by their valour, but they were not themselves aware of the full extent of what they had done. They knew that they had beaten an army which outnumbered them by tens of thousands, and driven to dastard flight the tyrant who had

murdered their countrymen ; and they may have guessed that they had overthrown a dynasty and conquered a kingdom. But they could not tell that this was only the first of a long series of similar exploits, which were to spread the power of their country over all that land of India, to break the sword of its spoilers and the sceptre of its oppressors, to unite its various nations and languages under the government of one imperial race, and to give to a little island in the Western Seas that priceless jewel of the East, for which so many kings and heroes had for ages contended in vain.

CHAPTER III.

THE PURSUIT.

WHEN Meer Jaffier, accompanied by his son Meerum, arrived at Daudpore at the head of a troop of horse, and alighted from his elephant to enter the English lines, the guard turned out to receive him with the usual honours. He started back at this movement, as if doubtful of their intentions, and he probably had some misgivings as to the reception he might expect from the victors, to whose cause he had rendered so hesitating and lukewarm a support. But Clive removed his fears by advancing to meet and embrace him, and at once saluted him as Nabob of Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa.

“O valiant and invincible!” said the new-made prince. “I know not how to measure the height of your renown! But you must needs think me unworthy of your friendship,

since a thousand perverse accidents prevented my joining you in the thick of yesterday's battle. It was the desire of my heart to hasten to the aid of my best and dearest allies, but my messenger miscarried, and you did not see my signals, and your people fired on me when I approached your illustrious army. The clouds of despair gathered round me, when I thought you might suspect my devotion, but now they are all dispersed by the sun of your presence, and I fain would be as the moon to reflect the light of your glory!"

"I don't understand half he is saying," whispered Clive to Nevil, "but I suppose he is making apologies and fine speeches. Tell him we are satisfied, and that's enough. But I should advise his highness," he added aloud, "not to lose any time here, but to proceed at once with his cavalry to Moorshe-dabad, so as to prevent the escape of Surajah Dowlah with his treasure. I will follow as fast as I can—that is, as fast as we can march after our late fatigue—but the men must have a little breathing-time, and we cannot keep up with the horse."

All this Nevil explained to Meer Jaffier,

who declared his willingness to comply with the wishes of his friend and benefactor, and to set out immediately for the capital. He was continuing his profuse expressions of regard, while preparing to mount his elephant, when Nevil approached his commander with a request.

"I have a favour to ask you, colonel."

"What is it, lad?"

"Permission to accompany the Nabob. I am longing to get to Moorshedabad."

"You may go if you like, and I hope you may find what you are looking for. Only take care not to do anything rash."

Nevil did not stop to hear more, but flew to propose to the Nabob to attend him on his journey. Meer Jaffier seemed pleased at the offer, and calling to one of the servants, who followed with led horses in his train, ordered him to provide the young Englishman with a steed fit for a prince. The man brought him a noble animal of the finest breed, and Nevil only waited till the Nabob was seated in his houdah, to vault into the saddle, and push forward with the fleetest of the cavalry.

He was among the first to reach Moorshedabad, where no opposition was made to

the entrance of Meer Jaffier's forces, and they proceeded at once to the palace formerly occupied by that chieftain. They learned that Surajah Dowlah had arrived late the night before, and shut himself up with his body-guard in his own palace; and that early that morning he had sent away the women of his Zenana, and fifty elephants laden with treasure. He himself still lingered behind, uncertain whether to fight or fly, to surrender to the English, or appeal to his people to defend him. But he knew that he could trust no one, not even his chief officers; his terrors augmented with every moment, and the entrance of Meer Jaffier's troops into the city extinguished his last remaining spark of hope. He stayed for the darkness once more to cover the earth, and then, disguised as a slave, and with only two companions, he escaped from one of the windows of the palace, embarked in a boat on the river, and continued his flight northward.

In the mean time, Nevil had already started, in pursuit of the train of elephants which carried the ladies of the Zenana. He had asked for a few of Meer Jaffier's swiftest horsemen, and rode forth at their head with-

out stopping for food or rest. The fugitives were considerably in advance, but he gained rapidly on them; and he must soon have overtaken them, had it not been for false information obtained by the way, as to the road they had chosen. It was far in the night, and as yet no sign appeared of the object of his quest, and the horses began to flag, and the men to murmur, but Nevil pushed resolutely on, and his gallant steed bore him with unflinching spirit. At length, they came upon a village, where they paused to procure water, and here they learned positively that the elephants must have gone by the other road. Nevil instantly applied himself to ascertain by what cross-way he might hope to intercept them, and was ready to mount and start again almost immediately. But the men hung back, and declared they could travel no further till daylight.

“Then I will go alone,” said Nevil, “and you must answer for it to the Nabob.”

“But, sahib, you will be lost in the jungle,” said one of the troopers.

“I will give this piece of gold,” continued Nevil, holding it up in the flare of the torches borne by the villagers, “to any one

of these honest people who will serve me as a guide. Which of you knows the way?"

"I do," said a young man, stepping forward. "I can find it in the darkness as well as in the light."

"But have you a horse, friend?"

"I can run by your side, sahib, as fast as your horse can carry you. There is no doubt of our overtaking the elephants. They will be sure to rest for the night."

"And when we have overtaken them," cried Nevil, "I will tell Meer Jaffier, that a brave husbandman did what his soldiers were afraid to do?"

"These Feringhees are all devils," said one of the troopers to the others. "Nevertheless, we must not be left behind, or the Nabob will think we have eaten dirt. So let us mount and follow."

Then the whole party rode on as before, led by the blazing torch of the guide, and the sound of the iron rings which he jingled to frighten the wild beasts from their track. They travelled by a circuitous route, and just at dawn saw once more the waters of the Ganges, and soon after reached the town of Bogwangola.

"The elephants have been here," said the guide, pointing to where the grass had been lately trampled down, "and I believe they are not far off."

"Let us enter the place quietly," said Nevil, "so as not to wake the sleepers. We shall soon discover if those whom we seek are there."

As they slackened their pace in obedience to this order, they caught sight of an old man walking in the same direction as themselves. He appeared to be an aged Brahmin, toiling along with difficulty, but evidently bent on gaining some wished-for goal.

"Venerable Brahmin," said the guide, "can you give us any tidings of Surajah Dowlah's elephants?"

"Who is he that asks?" returned the old man, glancing suspiciously at the armed riders.

"I should know that voice," cried Nevil, reining in his steed. "Father, we are well met!"

"Ha! is it you, my son?" said the Jesuit in French. "I have never rested since they carried off my child. I kept well up with the elephants, till my poor mule went lame,

and I was obliged to leave it on the way. Since then, I have followed them on foot through all the weary night, for I knew they must stop somewhere, and that I should find them at last. It is more than probable that they are close at hand."

"Then we must take our precautions accordingly," said Nevil, dismounting; and when he had given his horse in charge to one of the troopers, he ordered the rest to spread themselves out in a circle, and to approach the town on different sides, while he walked on with the old man and the guide. He was thus able to enter the place, without disturbing the slumbering inhabitants, or even attracting the observation of the few persons already awake. Passing through several streets, he came upon a huge Caravansary, and was at once convinced that here was the prize he sought. Soldiers and elephants were reposing in the open space in front of the building, guarded by two or three drowsy sentinels, and through the archway could be seen groups of veiled figures, stretched in various attitudes on the ground in the midst of the great quadrangle.

"We have them now," said Nevil; "but

we must be careful that the women come to no harm in the fray. You and I, Father, will steal round to the other side, and plant ourselves in the archway. And do you," he added to the guide, "run as fast as you can to meet the horsemen, and direct them how to close in upon us. When I fire my pistol, they are to join me at all hazards."

The villager sped lightly away, and the two others crept round by the wall of the Caravansary, and stationed themselves at the entrance. They scarcely moved or breathed, while they waited in anxious suspense; but soon the trampling of horses was heard, and a small body of cavalry, issuing from divers thoroughfares, encompassed the sleepers as it were with a network of steel. Then the sentinels were at length aroused and gave the alarm, but the first cry of terror was answered by a shout of defiance, and before the startled soldiers could look around or collect themselves, the assailants were upon them. There was hardly any show of resistance, and many flung away their arms as they fled, and abandoned the elephants and the baggage, which were at once seized by Meer Jaffier's troopers; but in the tumult and confusion, one band of

Surajah Dowlah's warriors rushed towards the Caravansary, with fury in their looks and brandishing their naked weapons.

The Jesuit was the first to encounter them.

"Respect the Zenana," he said, "and the sacred person of a Brahmin!"

"Out of the way, old man!" replied the leader of the party. "We do not want to hurt you or any of your caste, and we have so much respect for the Zenana, that we mean to kill all the women before they fall into the hands of the enemy."

"Stand back, you bloodthirsty villains!" cried Nevil, as he sprang forward with sword and pistol. "Before you lay a finger upon women, you will have to deal with men."

"Who is he that dares oppose us?" returned the soldier, foaming with rage, and with cruel fanaticism in his glance.

"One who has seen your backs in battle," replied Nevil. "Advance another step at your peril!"

The soldier raised his sabre to cut down the Englishman, but the latter fired his pistol, and shot him dead. The rest of the party recoiled a little at this unexpected reception; and when they again advanced, Nevil had

drawn a second pistol from his belt, and firing it in the face of one, and hurling the discharged weapon at the head of another, he made such good use of his sword, that he kept them at bay till some of the troopers came galloping to his assistance. The remainder of the combatants were then dispersed or overpowered, and Nevil posted a guard in the archway to prevent the intrusion of stragglers.

“And now, Father,” he said, “you had better go to those frightened women, assure them of their safety, and bring Louise from amongst them.”

“But you are bleeding, my son, and your left arm hangs powerless by your side.”

“Only a scratch, Father!”

“I will bind it up, however, with your permission. It is not the first time that I have been your doctor.”

In spite of his impatience, Nevil was forced to submit to this friendly office, and then the Jesuit entered the quadrangle alone. The women were for the most part crouching in corners, or shrieking and tearing their hair; but one female figure, light and graceful as a fairy, with her veil thrown aside and a matronly form seated at her feet, stood erect

in the midst, exhorting them to be calm, and to trust in God. She was yet speaking, when she suddenly saw Father Clairvaux advancing towards her, and with a cry of wonder and pleasure she ran forward to meet him.

“You here, Father! Then I think we are safe!”

“Yes, my child, you are safe—but, under God, you owe your safety to a younger and stronger arm than mine. Nevil Brooke has come to your rescue.”

“Oh, where is he?” she cried, flushing all over, and her eyes filling with tears of joy. “Let me hasten to thank my deliverer!”

“First assure these ladies that they have nothing to fear, that they will be protected from all injury, and have liberty to go wherever they like. I will then conduct you to the place where our friend is waiting for us.”

Louise flew to console and encourage her panic-struck companions, while the old Ayah, rising from her seat on the ground, laid her long, skinny hand on the arm of the Jesuit, and addressed him with vehement gesticulation.

“Oh, it is well you come, and find all safe! But you not know what our poor child suffer!

You not know what danger she run! If Surajah Dowlah conquer in battle, what become of my flower, my pearl, my beauty, with none to help, and no refuge but in the dark, cold, ugly grave—and all because you take her from the brave young Feringhee who loved her! And why you wish to part them when you say no castes in your country? And why you make sad the faces of your friends?”

“My good woman,” answered the Jesuit bitterly, “you cannot understand the motives or the meaning of my actions. I have suffered, and may still have to suffer; and if I had consulted my own wishes, or laboured for my own ends, I should have acted differently. But even as there are those in India, who fling themselves under the chariot-wheels of an idol, to win the favour of their false gods—I may have to sacrifice things more precious than life, if the service of the true God requires it.”

When Louise had satisfied the ladies of their immunity from violence or insult, she came back to Father Clairvaux, and was by him led through the guards in the archway to the open space beyond, where Nevil, with

blood-stained clothes and bandaged arm, was standing in the midst of the captured elephants. She grew dizzy at the sight, and almost sank at his feet with emotion ; but his right arm was yet uninjured, and with it he supported and drew her towards him.

"My friend ! my preserver !" was all that she could say.

"My love ! my darling ! my own Louise !"

"But, Nevil, you are badly hurt ?"

"Nothing serious, I assure you. Nothing but what your presence will be enough to cure."

"Thank God for that !"

"Thank God, we are again together ! Now that He has restored you to me, no one shall take you from me."

"Stop !" said the Jesuit, interposing ; "do not commit yourself by rash words. You have indeed been God's instrument in delivering this innocent girl, but you are a man of honour, Nevil, and you will not take advantage of your success to claim the rights of a conqueror."

"What do you mean, Father ? I would have sought Louise through the world, and now that I have found her, am I not to accept the first, best gift of Heaven ?"

“My son,” replied the Jesuit, “Heaven has not removed the barrier which still stands between you—the spiritual barrier which no human power can overthrow. You may use force, and carry off the prize you have won with the sword, in spite of all the efforts of a weak old man. But Surajah Dowlah might have done the same, and his title would not have been worse than yours.”

“What notion have you formed of me, Father, and how have I deserved these unworthy suspicions? Do you really suppose that I would detain Louise against her will? She is as free as air to stay or go at her pleasure. If she choose to remain, I will cherish and defend her to my last breath. If she prefer to leave me, I will resign her at once, though it will be like wringing the life-blood from my heart. But whatever she may decide, it must be her own choice, and not dictated by another.”

“Yet listen to me, my daughter,” said the Jesuit. “I was your father’s friend, and dying, he left you to my care. I have known you from your birth, nursed you in infancy, played with you in childhood, and you have been very dear to one whose vows forbid his

ever having children of his own. If any human affection could move me to forget my duty, it would be yours. But I am a priest of that Church which demands all our allegiance, and the submission of every desire and every affection. I believe that your union with this young Englishman, while he continues estranged from our faith, is full of peril to your soul. I cannot approve, I cannot sanction it. Fortune has given the victory to him and his countrymen, and the French will be arrested in their march. But I know they are not far distant, and it will not be difficult to join them. I charge you then by the authority I hold from your dead father, and from the Church of which I am the minister, to accompany me to Patna. There you may rest in safety, and exchange an earthly love for a higher and holier service."

"Now listen to me in my turn, Louise," said Nevil. "The love which I feel for you is no unhallowed, selfish passion, but as pure and holy an instinct as was ever implanted in the human heart by its Maker. Far from being in conflict with any loftier hope or nobler aspiration, it would raise us above

ourselves, and tend to preserve and improve whatever is best in either of us. The tie which united us would be the first great Sacrament of Nature, older than all the Churches, and not opposed to anything that is good and true. If I thought for a moment that my love could injure or degrade you, I would renounce it for ever. But no! I am quite sure of the contrary. I am quite sure that I should not only consult your wishes and try to promote your happiness—but that I should respect your scruples, reverence your faith, encourage your holiest thoughts, and share in your divinest hopes—and as the years rolled on, if we did not come to agree in matters of mere opinion, we should grow ever nearer and nearer to each other, in those sacred feelings which lie at the bottom of all religion. I will not add a word more. Choose freely between us, my Louise—choose as your heart and conscience prompt you—and may He, who is alike the God of Catholic and Protestant, direct your choice aright!”

She stood between those two men, both roused to unwonted excitement, like an angel of peace and purity, and looked from one to the other with a whole world of tenderness

and compassion in her upward glance. But she did not hesitate long. She turned first to Father Clairvaux, and took his hand in hers, and pressed it caressingly to her lips.

“Oh, yes! you have loved me from my earliest childhood,” she said. “There is no time that I can remember, in which you have not been my dear and honoured friend. And it is true that my father left me to your care, and that you also speak in the name of Holy Church. These things would be enough to make me obey your slightest wish—if I were not constrained by another and a stronger tie. But here is my affianced husband. He chose me, he wooed me, and I accepted him, and my father sanctioned our loves—and he has been faithful to me through long trials, and sought and followed me through many dangers, and rescued me from captivity at peril of his life—and I am bound to him by every law human and divine. Oh, Father! do not refuse to bless your children!”

While she thus pleaded, she thought she felt a tear upon her hand, and the voice of the Jesuit trembled as he answered.

“I see that you have decided, my daughter, and that persuasion or remonstrance would

be all in vain. I have done what I could, and now I can only pray for you. We shall never meet again in this world."

"Where are you going, Father?"

"To pursue the work, which my care for you has somewhat interrupted. To serve God and to save souls."

"But we must not part thus, Father," said Nevil cordially. "However we may have differed in some of our views, I hope we have learned to respect each other, and I at least can never forget old acts of kindness."

"We part in friendship, my son," replied the Jesuit, offering his hand. "I fain would have weaned you from the errors of your creed, and left you this precious charge with a light and joyful heart. As it is, I resign my trust in doubt and fear. But He, who knoweth all things, may yet bring good out of evil, and to His mercy I commit you both. Farewell!"

They entreated him to stay with them awhile, and at all events to accompany them to Moorsshedabad. But the old man only shook his head with a mournful smile.

"My duty here is over," he said, "and I must not linger another hour from my

appointed task. Henceforth, no private interest or affection will interfere with my labours for the whole race. But I shall often remember you in my prayers."

And so Father Clairvaux departed from them, and they saw him no more. It was only long after, that they learned the story of his subsequent efforts as a missionary, his travels, his adventures, his hairbreadth escapes; until in the end, amid the fierce tribes of Central Asia, he encountered a violent death, and obtained the martyr's crown.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PRIZES OF VICTORY.

WHEN Nevil returned with his long line of elephants to Moorshedabad, he was warmly welcomed by Meer Jaffier, who informed him that Colonel Clive was close at hand with his troops, and that a palace in the midst of a garden had been prepared for his reception. Having visited this place, and seen Louise and her faithful Ayah safely lodged there, Nevil proceeded to meet his commander, and received his hearty congratulations on the success of the late expedition.

“ You have managed it all very well, lad, but I see you have been wounded, and I am not sorry that you are again amongst us, and out of the clutches of these treacherous rascals. Do you know that, since you left, I have been informed of plots to assassinate me

by some of our own allies? and I have no doubt all sorts of conspiracies are hatching in yonder city. But I mean to go amongst them to-morrow, put an end to their intrigues, and show them who is their master. We must have no more nonsense now."

Accordingly, the next morning, Clive entered Moorshedabad at the head of a detachment of his victorious army, and all the rival chiefs and factions at once submitted to his authority. Meerum, the son of Meer Jaffier, went forth to salute the conqueror, and conducted him with great ceremony to the palace of the late Nabob, where the principal officers of state were assembled in the hall of audience. There, on a splendid carpet, stood the throne or *Musnud*, as yet void of any occupant. But Clive walked straight up to it, with the air of one who has the right to command, took Meer Jaffier by the hand, and placed him in the vacant seat. Then he made obeisance before him, offered him a present of some gold pieces, and proclaimed him Nabob of the three provinces in the room of the fallen tyrant. Immediately, the whole assembly broke into acclamations, and hastened to pay homage in their turn, and to present gifts

to the new sovereign, whose title was thus secured by the sword of his powerful champion. The rest of the day was spent in festivities and rejoicings, and the business of dividing the spoil was deferred till the morrow.

In the pleasant garden of the palace where Olive had taken up his residence, Nevil passed a delightful afternoon in converse with Louise. For the first time, they had leisure to communicate full particulars of all that had occurred during their long separation; and although the youth touched lightly on the horrors of the Black Hole, and spoke modestly of his own military exploits, and although the maiden tried to soften down the details of her anguish and terror while imprisoned in the Zenana, enough transpired to excite the deepest interest and sympathy in both their bosoms. And with the remembrance of their sufferings came the sweet sense of union, rest, and safety, with green palm-trees spreading over their heads, and bright flowers blooming around them, and with nothing to disturb the quiet of the scene, save the tramp of the English sentinels who guarded them from intrusion or danger.

The next day, Nevil was summoned to attend Clive in his interview with Meer Jaffer and the chiefs. Thither came Mr. Watts and other Englishmen on the one side, and the treasurer, the great officers, and the leading bankers on the other. The treaty was produced, which had been agreed to by the confederates, and which was to regulate their several claims. The political questions offered no difficulty, the Nabob being confirmed in all his prerogatives, the rights and privileges of the Company fully secured, and an alliance offensive and defensive concluded between the two powers, for mutual protection against all enemies whatsoever. But the prize-money, and how it was to be distributed, occasioned some discussion, as the amount was not accurately ascertained, and each man looked eagerly for his share of the magnificent booty which had fallen into the hands of the victors.

Amongst those who approached the conference solely with this view was Omichund. The astute old Brahmin had played fast and loose with both parties, had schemed, and lied, and perjured himself over and over again, with the one purpose of gratifying his

avarice. He had entered deeply into the plots against Surajah Dowlah, and then taken advantage of his position to threaten to betray the English to the tyrant, and thus held the knife at their throats until they consented to his exorbitant demands. He now came with greed and exultation in his looks, to reap the harvest of his cunning.

The first thing that startled him was, that, as he entered the hall, he was not invited to take his place on the carpet with the other confederates. Affecting humility, however, he sat down at a little distance, and waited for his turn to be called forward. The claimant of thirty lacs of rupees could afford to wait. But he was struck with a sudden terror, when he saw that the treaty produced was written on *white* paper, for he remembered that the document formerly shown him was *red*.

"It is time to undeceive Omichund," said Clive to Scrafton, who stood near him. "There is no use in keeping the poor wretch in suspense."

"Omichund," said Scrafton, approaching the Brahmin, and addressing him in his own language, "you have been under a mistake

all along. The red paper was a trick, and the white treaty is the only real one. Your name is not included, and you are to have nothing."

The effect of this intelligence upon Omichund was as if a thunderbolt had fallen at his feet. He fixed a wild and vacant stare on the face of the speaker—stretched forth his trembling hands like a blind man groping for his way—staggered, reeled, and fell fainting into the arms of his attendants, and was carried out of the hall in a state of insensibility.

"You look shocked, Mr. Brooke," said Watts to Nevil. "You surely must know what a rascal the man has been."

"Oh, yes! I know; but I am both shocked and pained at this incident, which seems to me to mar the completeness of our triumph."

"Why should you pity him? He would have betrayed us to Surajah Dowlah, and sacrificed all our lives for another lac of rupees. It is only the game of the *Biter Bit*."

"But that is a game which I do not like to play at, and which I hardly think worthy of my countrymen."

“What then would you have done?”

“Have given him his ill-gotten gains, and let him go. However, I have no voice in the matter, and my opinion is of little value.”

But the judgment which Nevil had formed, and which was afterwards confirmed by Orme in his impartial history of these transactions, is that which has been adopted by posterity. The treatment of Omichund remains the one dark spot on a scene of surpassing brilliancy.

The old Brahmin never recovered the shock of that day. He was indeed sufficiently restored to make a pilgrimage to a famous pagoda near Maulda, but he returned with a weakened and disordered mind, and henceforth took no pleasure in anything except in a childish passion for dress and jewelry. He gradually sank into imbecility, and died in about a year and a half from the date of the disappointment of his hopes.

After this episode, the other confederates proceeded with their inspection of the spoils of Surajah Dowlah. They visited the treasury, where their eyes were dazzled by heaps of gold and silver scattered about in profusion, and the blaze of costly gems that

shot rays of prismatic light from their many-coloured surfaces. They took stock of all this wealth, and divided it amicably amongst them according to agreement. Clive had bargained for ample compensation to the Company, and to all who had suffered losses by the war, and for liberal donations to the army, the navy, and the members of Council. But much more was now at the disposal of the victorious general, who could, no doubt, have helped himself to any amount he pleased, without doing anything contrary to the customs and notions of the East. He contented himself with accepting a handsome gratuity from Meer Jaffier, estimated at £160,000, in addition to his share as commander of the prize-money and other allowances. Part of this gift he bestowed on his friends and principal officers; and long after, when the circumstances attending it were called in question by a Committee of the House of Commons, he boldly replied to the charges brought against him, that no law existed at the time prohibiting the receipt of such presents, that he had refused more splendid offers, and considered himself entitled to a reward from the prince he had placed

upon the throne, and that on the whole (he took Heaven to witness !) he was astonished at his own moderation.

While the conquerors were thus occupied, the fallen tyrant, to whom all these riches had belonged, and who had forfeited them by his crimes and follies, was flying in a mean disguise to escape the vengeance of his enemies. He had landed from his boat near Rajamahā, and taken refuge in a deserted garden, where he hoped to lie concealed till he should find an opportunity to proceed further. But a retributive fate brought to the spot one of the victims of his cruelty—a man whose ears he had cut off some thirteen months before—and his features were too deeply impressed on the sufferer's memory ever to be forgotten. The man knew him at once, but pretended not to notice him, and went secretly to give information of the discovery he had made, to a brother of Meer Jaffier residing in the town. The soldiers sent in pursuit of the fugitive were instructed where to find him, the garden was surrounded, and the wretched prince, who only a short time ago had been the terror of all his subjects, was dragged forth like a common

criminal from his hiding-place and treated with the utmost contumely and derision. He was hurried away to Moorshedabad, and met with every kind of insult and indignity on the road. Arriving in the dead of night, he was immediately conducted into the presence of Meer Jaffier, at whose feet he threw himself with tears and unmanly supplications, imploring that his life at least might be spared. The new Nabob seemed moved with a touch of pity for his former sovereign, and the grandson of his old friend and patron Aliverdi Khan ; but the boy Meerum, a fierce and savage youth, urged the instant destruction of their rival as necessary for their own security. Meer Jaffier hesitated, and ordered the prisoner to be confined in a separate apartment, until he should decide upon his doom. A long discussion followed amongst the officers present, and when, after much deliberation, the Nabob came to no conclusion, Meerum advised his father to retire to rest, and leave him to look after Surajah Dowlah. Affecting to understand him as only alluding to the safe custody of the captive, Meer Jaffier withdrew to his private chamber.

Then Meerum summoned one of his own

creatures, and sent him with a brief and fatal message to the soldiers on guard. They burst rudely into the room where Surajah Dowlah was confined, and he saw in a moment that his last hour was come. With piteous lamentations, he begged for time to say his prayers and make his ablutions. But a soldier poured the contents of a pot of water over his head as sufficient for the latter purpose, the ruffian sent by Meerum stabbed him with his dagger, and the rest fell upon him and finished his agony with their sabres. His mangled remains were paraded the next morning through the city, and the people, over whom he had so lately ruled, beheld the spectacle with awe, but without any feeling of regret.

Meer Jaffier, however, had learned enough of his English allies to guess that they would be disgusted at a brutal murder of this kind. He thought it necessary therefore to call upon Clive, to explain that he had taken no direct part in what had occurred, and that his intentions had been misinterpreted and his orders misunderstood; but he added, in extenuation of the deed, that Surajah Dowlah would always have been a source of danger

as long as he lived, for already on the road from Rajamahal he had endeavoured to win over some of the officers, and to excite commotions amongst the soldiery. Clive was obliged to accept these apologies for what they were worth, but he showed by his manner that he was both displeased and grieved, and he gave the Nabob to understand that, in the opinion of Englishmen, no motives of policy could justify so barbarous an action.

And now the time came to return to Calcutta with the fruits of victory, and all sad and gloomy incidents were forgotten, and all other feelings merged in the glory and triumph of the hour. A hundred barges laden with treasure, escorted by all the boats of the squadron and accompanied with flags and music, swept down the watery highway to the English capital of Bengal. The town, which Surajah Dowlah had plundered and ruined, found itself suddenly restored to more than its former affluence, and every member of the colony was enriched by the change, and profited by the revival of commerce and credit. Above all, the old sense of insecurity was replaced by a proud and confident self-reliance, and the gratitude was proportionately

great to the brave men who had effected this wonderful transformation.

Mrs. Clive met her husband at Calcutta, and in her house Louise was kindly and hospitably received. Maskelyne, too, had lately arrived, and the former friendship was renewed as warmly as ever between him and Nevil. It was a season of congratulations and rejoicings, much pleasant intercourse took place between soldiers and civilians, and many entertainments were given in honour of the heroes of Plassey.

The prize-money and Clive's munificence to his friends, together with an additional grant from Meer Jaffier for the capture of the elephants and treasure at Bogwangola, had put Nevil in possession of a moderate fortune, sufficient to accomplish the purposes for which he had come to India. The inheritance, too, which Louise derived from her father, had been remitted to her by some native bankers, instructed by Father Clairvaux. There was no reason for delaying their marriage, and the day was soon fixed for that happy event. And so, on a summer's morning, amid all good omens bright as the Indian sunshine, the lovers were at length united. Nevil, who

still carried his arm in a sling, but had otherwise recovered from the fatigues and hardships of the campaign, looked the picture of young, manly, ardent affection, as he led his bride from the altar; and she, a miracle of grace and beauty, clung to him with a fervour which seemed to say, that she had none other in the world but him, and that his love was enough to make up for everything else.

BOOK XII.—OLD ENGLAND.



CHAPTER I.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

“AND so, Nevil,” said Clive, “you are determined to go home. I must stay here some time yet, and there are still prizes to be won in this country. I shall probably have my own way now, and might be able to add largely to your fortune.”

“My dear colonel, you have done more than enough for me already. My ambition has always been to provide comfortably for my mother, and to redeem my father’s house and land. For this I have been working these twelve or thirteen years, and our late successes and your generosity will enable me to complete the task.”

“But you must remember you have a wife now, and may have children.”

"Yes; and I shall have enough to live quietly on my paternal acres, and I do not wish for any higher position. Of course, you are looking for rank and honours—and you have richly deserved them—but, in my opinion, there is no happier and more useful life than that of a country gentleman of small estate."

"But your father had a large one."

"Well, I shall be quite content with what we used to call the home property, if only I can keep up the old house and have the old people about me."

"I dare say you are right, lad. But, after making and unmaking Nabobs, I am disposed to be something of a Nabob myself. Besides, Margaret has a taste for coronets and ermine."

"Which will, I have no doubt, be gratified. But when you are a great lord, Clive, and have got your stars and ribbons, I hope you will not quite forget the old days at Madras."

"If I do, may I be condemned to keep ledgers and journals for the rest of my life, and be buried at last under a bale of muslins! But if you are really going, lad, we shall have plenty of things to send by you to

England, and plenty of commissions for you to execute there. So come and talk over the business with Mrs. Clive."

They found that lady occupied in making up little packets, all addressed to friends at home, with Louise helping her, and Maskeleyne lying at their feet singing fragments of popular ballads.

"You are, and have been, and always will be a lazy dog, Edmund," said Clive. "If I could get you some active employment, would you accept it?"

"I don't know, Robert. One active member is enough in a family, and my brother-in-law's fame will suffice for me. And you see I am not singular in my love of ease. Nevil Brooke is going home out of sheer idleness."

"Nevil Brooke has done more work in a month than you have in your whole life, you vagabond. But what is it that makes one like you, in spite of it all, Edmund?"

"The spirit of contradiction, Clive. When we first met, you were as gloomy as night, and you took to me and my antics as a bear might to a monkey. I suppose it was a mere whim."

"I think I could give a better reason," said

his sister, smiling. "But we will not talk of ourselves to-day, when Nevil and Louise are so soon to leave us. I have so much to tell them at parting, and so many messages for dear Old England."

And the rest of the time before the departure of the newly-married pair, was fully taken up with the preparations and farewell conferences which generally precede such a voyage. When all the messages had been given, all the parcels directed, all the letters written, and it only remained to exchange the few last words, Clive took Nevil aside, and placed a small casket in his hand.

"Some trinkets for your wife, lad," he said, "in remembrance of the time when we stood together in siege and battle."

"They are too magnificent!" replied Nevil, as he raised the lid, and the splendour of diamonds flashed upon his sight. "Too magnificent and too costly."

"Pshaw, man!" said Clive, laughing; "they all come out of Surajah Dowlah's treasury, and were paid for with lead and iron. You might claim them if only on account of that night in the Black Hole. But, in any case, you cannot refuse them from

an old friend, and your wife must wear them at the christening of your first child."

"And if it should be a son, I will call his name Robert!"

"And now that you are going home, Nevil," added Clive in a graver tone, "you will hear what people think of our doings in India. If they are disposed to find fault with any part of my conduct (and who can pretend to be blameless?) you will know what difficulties I had to encounter, and be able to speak a word in my defence. I do not say that I have always been right in my means, but I do say that I have kept one end in view—the service of my country."

"I believe it, Clive, and I have no fear of the final verdict of England."

More talk of this kind passed between them, and then came the inevitable moment of separation, which hardly any circumstances can make entirely welcome. It is true that Nevil was about to return to his native land, so loved and so long desired, and that the bride of his choice was to accompany him to his home; but he could not take leave of the gallant chief who had so often led him to victory, and of the friends and comrades with

whom he had shared so many dangers, without some feeling of regret. He was loth even to part from the native soldiers and servants, who were all warmly attached to him, and the very soil on which he had suffered, and fought, and conquered, was in a measure endeared to his imagination. As he handed Louise into the boat, which was to bear them to the ship that lay moored in the river, he saw many a moist eye and many a sorrowful countenance in the throng which had followed them to the shore; and it was really a relief to the majority of those present, when Maskeleyne flung his hat into the air, and shouted in the clear, ringing tones of his musical voice: "A fair wind and a prosperous voyage, and three cheers for the Homeward Bound!"

But when they were once at sea, and the good ship was cutting her way rapidly through the waves, Nevil and Louise soon recovered their spirits, and began to take interest and pleasure in the novelty of everything on board. It was such a constant satisfaction to find themselves always together, and to be able to impart to each other every impression they received from the shifting scenes of the ocean and the sky.

And often, as they paced the deck in the bright moon-lit nights, they talked hopefully of the future that lay before them, and Nevil had to describe again and again the home that awaited them in England.

"I fear, my Louise," he said at last, "that you will have formed such a picture in your mind of our old family house, that you will be disappointed at the reality. You must remember that it is dull and grey, compared with the fairy buildings of the East, and with no such light and colour about it as in India. Dear as it is to me, to you it may seem sad and gloomy."

"Oh, no, no!" she replied; "I am not afraid of that. Every place that was familiar to you in the days of your childhood will have a charm for me. What I am much more afraid of is, that your mother and your English friends may look coldly on your poor, little, stranger wife."

"You do not know them," he said. "They would love you, if only for my sake. I am sure they will love you for your own."

She looked gratefully up into his face, while he fondly pressed the small hand that rested on his arm, and the moonlight streamed

around them like a glory, and they stood there as if transfigured, in the sweetness and holiness of their young wedded life. And through all the years that followed, they never forgot the beauty of those nights at sea, and the happiness they had enjoyed in the course of their homeward voyage.

CHAPTER II.

ALL ROUND ST. PAUL'S.

IT was with very different feelings, from those with which as a boy he had embarked in the *Royal Caroline* some thirteen years before, that Nevil beheld again, through the mist and smoke that surrounded them, the towers and spires of London, and the forest of masts upon the Thames. He had gone forth a mere stripling, full indeed of hope and courage, but poor, solitary, friendless, unknown, to seek his fortune amongst strangers in a foreign land. He had returned in the prime of manhood, with difficulties conquered, dangers braved, in possession of competence and an honourable name, and with the woman he loved united to him by the most sacred tie. He could not help feeling the greatness of the contrast, and yet he was not altered in

the main features of his character. He had not been degraded by adversity, and he was not spoiled by success. Two powerful influences had kept him sound in heart and head—his affection for his mother, and his reverence for his God.

Louise was greatly astonished at much that she saw and heard on entering the capital of her new country. The noise and bustle in the streets, the ceaseless roll of the carts and waggons, the jostling, the loud voices, the rude vigour and restless energy of the people, so different from the languid repose of Indian life, all filled her with surprise and a kind of alarm. But Nevil, who smiled at her fears, assured her that his countrymen were not quite so unmannerly as they appeared at first sight, and that she need be under no apprehension from their rough ways and humours. When she came to know them better, she would find how much real kindness was hidden under their somewhat uncouth exterior.

They put up at the Bull and Mouth, in St. Martin's-le-Grand, not to be too far from the centre of the City, as Nevil had business to transact with various merchants and

bankers, and important papers to deliver at the India House. He was necessarily detained in town for a few days, and he took advantage of the opportunity to visit well-remembered scenes, and to introduce his wife to old friends and acquaintances. One of the first things he observed was, that places and buildings appeared to have grown smaller since he last saw them. The Exchange, the Mansion House, the Guildhall, which had seemed so vast and imposing to his boyish fancy, were now reduced to moderate dimensions. Only Wren's great dome retained its grandeur, and his tapering spires their grace, even after the magnificence of oriental mosques and temples. But the river, rushing through the narrow arches of old London Bridge, had dwindled away in comparison with the Ganges, and looked almost too insignificant for a stream that bore on its bosom the commerce of half the world.

The house in Threadneedle Street was scarcely changed at all. There was the old counting-house, with its desks and stools and maps in their former places, and the long row of clerks at their work, and Humphrey Brooke still seated in his private room. But Nevil

perceived an indescribable alteration in his uncle. The pale face had grown paler, the features thin and sharp, the eye wandering and restless, the voice tremulous, the hand unsteady. He looked about him with a suspicious glance, like a man who saw a possible thief in every visitor, and closed carefully his table-drawers, and clutched nervously the key of his iron safe. Nevil greeted him frankly and cordially, and this time he was not received with the cold and stately reserve of other days, but with a kind of shrinking helplessness that was pitiful to witness.

“Surely you know me, uncle?”

“Oh, yes!—Mr. Nevil Brooke, I believe. Glad to see you in England, sir. Hope you have prospered in business. Better tell you at once that I have had losses—heavy losses—that my means are very limited—that I see nothing but poverty before me, and that it would be a waste of time to apply to me for assistance——”

“My dear uncle, how can you think of such a thing? I have come to tell you of my good fortune, if my aunt has not already shown you my letters, and to thank you for having been the first to furnish me with the means of

going to India. It has turned out very lucky for me."

"Then you have made money, sir—money—your best friend, your best friend. Nothing like money, my dear sir. I only wish I had more of it. But indeed I am much straitened in pecuniary matters. It is a sad thing to be reduced to poverty after a life of labour. Some people persist in saying that I am a rich man. But you must not believe them, you must not believe them."

"Except for your own sake, uncle, it can make no difference to me whether you are rich or poor. Allow me to present my wife to you."

"Married! ha! And the estates, and the old name? I suppose you will have them, after all, and a son to inherit them."

"I hope so, uncle."

"And daughters? No, I wouldn't advise you to have daughters, nephew. They are no good, no good. Rob you in favour of a set of ragamuffins. I beg your pardon, madam, if I am somewhat short with you, but I must ask you to excuse a man of business. Time is money. You had better take this lady upstairs, and introduce her to your aunt."

"I certainly mean to do so, but I hope you will accompany us, uncle."

"No, you must excuse me. I really cannot spare the time. I have so many things to attend to—so many, many things!"—and he began to turn over his papers with a sort of fatuous irritability and impatience.

Nevil gazed with profound commiseration at this wreck of a cold, hard man, but saw that it would be useless to prolong the interview. There was pitying kindness in his voice as he bade him farewell for the present, and he was leading Louise from the room, when his uncle suddenly beckoned him back, and spoke to him in a whisper.

"Could you make it convenient to lend me twenty pounds, nephew?"

Surprised as he was at this request, Nevil resolved at once to gratify the strange humour of his relative, and hastened to place the sum required in his hands. The old man chuckled as he grasped the notes, and as soon as Nevil had left the apartment, he locked them up carefully in his iron chest.

"So much out of the fire," he muttered, "so much out of the fire! I wish I had asked for fifty. This youngster would have

given them all the same. But how I do hate him! He is so like his father!"

The young people met with a very different reception from the good lady of the house. She had grown older, it is true, but was still a fine buxom woman, cheery, and brisk, and overflowing with the milk of human kindness. She hugged and kissed her nephew, and laughed over him, and cried over him, and then began to hug and kiss Louise in her turn, with a vehemence that almost took away the breath of the fair Indian. It was only when these demonstrations were over, and her children (as she called them) seated on either side of her, that the worthy matron allowed them a moment's rest.

"I have had no such pleasure, my dears, for ever so long a time. How tall you are grown, Nevil, and what a charming little wife you have brought home with you! He must take great care of you, my love, for you look too delicate to be roughly handled. But there! I am not afraid of him, for he was always a good boy. And what beautiful shawls you sent me from India, Nevil! And how delighted your cousins will be to see you

again ! It was only yesterday we were talking about you."

"I suppose you often meet?"

"Oh, yes ! very often—that is, you know, as often as we can. But I seldom leave your poor uncle now," she said, wiping her eyes. "He is getting very feeble—not quite himself—and he has fancies, and would try and persuade you he has lost all his money. He stints himself in everything, and would almost starve if I didn't look after him."

"But there is no real cause?"

"Cause, my dear ! he is richer than ever. He has heaps and heaps of money, and still knows how to scrape and save as if his life depended on it. I can hardly get him out of the counting-house, even to his meals, and it's all I can do to prevent his going dressed like a beggar. He was always a little too fond of hoarding, you know ; but he has not been a bad husband to me, and has let me have pretty much my own way, so it's only natural I should wait on him now, and I should be a brute beast if I neglected him in his trouble."

"Has he had these fancies long?"

"They came on by degrees—but I think they have grown worse since my dear father

died, and left all his property in trust for the girls."

"The kind old alderman! how I wish I could have seen him once more!"

"Well, my dear, he lived to a good old age, and was loved and respected by all his friends and neighbours, and there was not a dry eye in St. Paul's churchyard on the day he was buried. I can wish no better end for any of us."

"Quite true, my dear aunt; and I am very glad my cousins are well provided for."

"Yes, they are well off now, and live in two handsome houses in the new Bloomsbury quarter. They often come to see their poor father, and bring their beautiful babies with them, and do all they can to please him; but he hardly notices them or their children. It is sometimes enough to break one's heart!"

Here the good lady burst into tears, and looked as sad as was possible with so jolly a countenance; but as Nevil turned the conversation to more cheerful subjects, and talked of his first impressions on again landing in England, she soon recovered her spirits, and before long was laughing heartily at his account of Louise's dread of the London mob.

"So you took us for a pack of savages, did you, my dear? And no wonder, and serve us right! for I dare say we are a deal rougher in some of our ways than the black heathens in India. But then, you see, we don't mean much harm by it, and you are safe here from Nabobs and Sir Roger Dowlahs, because we shouldn't put up with such creatures in this country. And you must take her, Nevil, to the parks and the opera, and show her that all the town is not like Wapping and Thames Street."

"My dear madam," said Louise, "I am not such a stranger to England as you think. Nevil has told me so much about it, that I feel quite at home here. It was only the noise of London that startled me a little at first. But I know that I shall find the country just as he has described it to me, and I am sure that his friends will be as kind to me as he has promised. I have a proof of that already."

"Now I call that a very pretty speech," said the matron, kissing her; "and I mean to claim you at once as my third daughter."

After more such talk, and many promises to return often to Threadneedle Street during their stay in London, the young people took

their leave, and proceeded in search of Kitty and Patty. They found them comfortably settled near each other, in the new and fashionable quarter that was rising to the north of Holborn, with several chubby children about them, and every appearance of ease and affluence. Their delight at seeing their cousin and his bride was unbounded, and Nevil at the first glance would have pronounced them as merry and happy as ever. But he fancied, when he came to speak of their father, that something like remorse mingled with their filial regrets; and he also judged from certain words and signs, that their domestic relations were not altogether satisfactory. He was confirmed in this view by the looks and manners of their husbands, when he renewed his acquaintance with them. Tom Jackson had assumed ridiculous airs of superiority, and treated his wife in a rude, imperious style; and Captain O'Connor, though affectionate, was somewhat maudlin, and had a shambling gait, a thick utterance, and a very red nose.

"I fear," said Nevil afterwards to Louise, "that my poor cousins have not profited much by their stolen marriages. I fear that

one of them has chosen a coxcomb, and the other a sot. However, they inherit their mother's temper, and will not be easily depressed. They are fortunate in being near together, and I hope they will find happiness in their children."

The next visit of the pair was to old Mr. Crabtree at Islington. He was now a wealthy man, at the head of a prosperous firm ; but he preferred remaining in the little house where he had lived for many years, and smoking his pipe in the evening with a few old cronies, in the dingy parlour of the tavern to which he had been long accustomed. His character, like the ale he drank, had been mellowed by age, and though he still said sharp things occasionally, his expressions were less opposed than formerly to the native goodness of his heart.

" Well, Master Nevil, when we parted that day on the river, I little thought I should live to see you back again. And what changes since then, to be sure ! The alderman gone, your cousins married, your uncle half crazy, and you with a wife and fortune of your own. I've heard of your fine doings in India too ; but now that you are tied to this young lady,

I suppose you have done with your fightings and brawlings, and mean to lead a quiet, respectable life."

"I hope you have heard nothing disreputable about me, Mr. Crabtree."

"Well, a merchant ought to stick to his trade, and not to be taking towns and winning battles. But I dare say you couldn't help it, and that it all came in the way of business. Only, such an account as that is hard to balance."

"Like all our life's ledgers, my dear Crabtree. But I cannot say that I repent having fought in defence of my countrymen."

"Ah! you always were an obstinate young fellow, bent on having your own way—and, somehow or other, you could generally bring round an old fool like me to agree with you. I hope you know how to manage him, my dear, and to keep him out of mischief."

"I think Nevil is always right," said Louise, "so that there is nothing to manage."

"Very dangerous doctrine for a young wife, my dear. You will find him out before long."

"I found him out long ago," she answered, smiling, "and I think I know all his secrets."

One of them is, that he has never forgotten the friends who were kind to him in his boyhood, and I have often heard him talk of a certain Monsieur Crabtree, who was a very good friend to him indeed."

"At all events, my dear, the rogue has done well in choosing you," said the old man, surprised for once into a compliment, and kissing the hand of the fair speaker.

Amongst other visits while in London, Nevil called on old Mr. Clive at his town house in Swithin's Lane, and was warmly welcomed by all the family. He had letters and messages to deliver, and many particulars to relate, and was of course invited to come again and bring his wife. It was a pleasant evening which was spent in that domestic circle, all proud of the son and brother of whose exploits they could never hear enough. The father, a somewhat garrulous old gentleman, occupied the centre of the group, and was perhaps the most animated of the party.

"I am extremely obliged to you, sir," he said, "for all these interesting details. Everything that concerns my son must, of course, have a great charm for me, and indeed I flatter myself it would not be indifferent to

the country at large. Robert's victories came just in time to cheer us up, after the Duke of Cumberland's late ill-success in Germany, and I have it on the best authority, sir, that the King has spoken very highly—very highly indeed of my dear boy. It was only the other day, that Lord Ligonier asked his Majesty if young Lord Dunmore might join the Duke of Brunswick as a volunteer, and what do you suppose our gracious sovereign answered?"

"I really cannot guess," said Nevil.

"Well, sir, he said: 'Pshaw! what can he learn there? If he wants to learn the art of war, let him go to Clive, let him go to Clive!' Those were his Majesty's own words, sir."

"I am very glad to hear, that my friend's services are appreciated as they deserve."

"But what is still better, sir, Mr. Pitt has spoken most handsomely of him in the House. He called him *a heaven-born general*, sir—that was the expression he used—a *heaven-born general*, and compared him to the great King of Prussia. It makes me think he may have any honours he chooses on his return."

"I trust your hopes may be gratified, sir."

"Oh, I have no doubt of it. I already hear whispers of a peerage, and we have been discussing the title amongst ourselves. I should have liked to have it Lord Clive of Styche—Styche is the name of our old house in Shropshire—but my daughters think it ought to be Baron Clive of Plassey."

"Whatever it be," said Nevil, "no title in all our history has been better earned. But while to people in general he may be a great soldier and a great nobleman, to me he must always be dearer as my old friend and comrade."

"You are right, Mr. Brooke," said the mother, who had sat silent during this conversation. "Of course, I like to hear of his brave actions—but what I like most to think of is his kindness to me and his sisters—and I can quite understand that you have the same sort of feeling."

It was not long after this evening with the Clives, that Nevil completed the business which had detained him in London, and joyfully prepared for his journey into Warwickshire. This time the lumbering stage-coach was replaced by a carriage and post-horses, and the road chosen was by Uxbridge and

Oxford. Wrapping his Louise in furs, to protect her from the chills and changes of early spring, Nevil was delighted to point out to her the peculiarities of English scenery, and to answer her many questions as to the people they passed on the way. With him it was a return to the old associations of childhood. With her it was the entrance into a new world, and the realization of countless dreams.

CHAPTER III.

EXPECTATION.

TOWARDS the close of an April day, in the year 1758, three persons were standing together on the terrace of Brooke Hall, now restored to the possession of its former owners. There was the elder Mrs. Brooke, with the lines in her face somewhat deepened, and her hair grown silver grey, but with features still beautiful in their delicate contour, and with the same soft expression in her dove-like eyes. And there was Monsieur de la Rochelle, also showing some of the marks of age, but graceful and courteous as ever in his movements and address. And there, too, was his wife, bright, sparkling, vivacious—exquisitely attired, gloved and slippered to perfection—and looking scarcely a day older than when she last appeared in the opening scenes of this story.

"They ought to be here by this time," said the widow, casting anxious glances down the long avenue that led to the house. "I trust no accident has happened on the road!"

"My dear madam," said La Rochelle, with his grave, meditative smile, "after waiting so long for the boy's return, you will surely not lose your patience when he is so near at hand, nor suffer the faith which bore you up through all his perils in India, to fail because he is an hour behindhand in a journey from London to Warwickshire."

"Do not you see, Jules," cried the lively Frenchwoman, "that it is precisely because he is near that we grow impatient? When he was out there at the other end of the world, with the great, loud, hideous sea roaring and rolling between him and us, *ma foi!* there was nothing to do but to wait patiently. And when we heard of his sieges and battles, what could we poor women do except hope and pray for him silently in our hearts? But now, when we know he is coming, when we know that he cannot be far off, when he may be here at any moment, it is quite natural that we should be in a fever of expectation. Only, with me it is all joyful

excitement, and our friend here can never get rid of her doubts and fears. Well, that is an affair of temperament; and such as the good God made us we must be content to remain."

"Ah, my friend!" said Mrs. Brooke; "how often has your bright, happy, hopeful nature cheered and comforted me in moments of despondency! I do not know that I could have endured till now, had it not been for you and your husband."

"But, my dear madam," interposed La Rochelle, "it is hardly the time to dwell upon past sorrows, when so many blessings have been showered upon you. The way in which Nevil has distinguished himself, the high character he bears, the tasks he has accomplished, the success he has achieved, are all subjects for congratulation. He returns to you still young, escaped from a thousand perils, to find you once more in his father's home, which he has redeemed from the hands of strangers. And he brings you a daughter, to be the solace of your declining years."

"Oh, yes! I know I am very ungrateful. I ought to feel nothing but unmixed happiness. And I shall do so when I clasp my boy in

my arms. I wonder whether he is much altered."

"Not in heart, dear friend," said the Frenchman.

"Oh! I am sure of that—his letters and his actions prove it. I have no fear on that score. But I wonder whether he is much changed in look—whether I shall know him again."

"*Fi donc!*" cried Madame de la Rochelle with a little toss of the head. "How can you talk such nonsense? Not know your son? You would know him anywhere, as the good mothers will know their children in heaven. And I do not think he will be much changed. He will never lose the frank smile, the open brow, the brave, honest eyes. Those are things which only change when the heart changes."

"And this daughter who is promised to me—I think a great deal of her. I shall be so sorry if I am not able to love her as I could wish!"

"Not love her! And why should you not love her? I am certain that she will be charming, adorable! Nevil has too good taste not to choose a perfect wife."

"At all events," said La Rochelle, "her father was an excellent man, and if she bears any resemblance to him, we cannot fail to love her."

"You will think me very foolish, my kind friends, but I am constantly picturing to myself what she is like; and somehow I cannot reconcile her with the image of the sweet, modest girl I had dreamed of for Nevil's bride. They say that a mother is always jealous of her son's choice. Yet, if he had married some gentle English maiden, I could have loved her very dearly, and resigned him to her without a murmur. But this strange creature, half French, half Hindoo, alien alike in race and religion, who comes, as it were, from another world, is too remote from all my previous experience. I never thought my son would marry a foreigner and a papist!"

"My dear madam," said La Rochelle, "you must not be too hard upon foreigners. You have honoured some of them with your friendship for many years. As for religion, it is, I confess, a more serious question. I have made some sacrifices in the course of my life for conscience' sake; and if the time

were to come over again, I hope I should hold my faith at any cost. But as life goes on, like the changing April day through which we have just passed, and we get nearer to the sunset, we see many things in a softer light than formerly. It is not that I am less sure of the truth of my own convictions; but I think I have grown more tolerant with regard to those of others."

"Ah, yes! it is very good to be tolerant. But when it comes to the closest ties of relationship, I cannot help feeling afraid. It is not that I am conjuring up the spectre of a hard, cruel, bigoted person. The girl may be all that Nevil describes—pure, and tender, and true—and yet the difference in our creeds may cast a coldness and a shadow between us, which nothing will be able to remove."

"I am under no such apprehension. When really pure and loving natures are thrown together, they soon come to understand each other, in spite of all differences of race and creed. And then you will learn how much you have in common."

"Is this a day," cried the French lady impatiently, "to be croaking like two old ravens on a church-tower, instead of singing songs

of joy and welcome? You have had quite enough of serious talk, and it is time to clear up your countenances like the sky yonder. Our young people should have none but smiling faces to receive them."

"They are not here yet," said La Rochelle.

"No—but, if my ears do not deceive me, that is the sound of carriage-wheels in the distance."

The widow clasped her hands together, and listened eagerly to the faint, rumbling noise. As it grew clearer, she began to tremble in every limb, and all the pent-up feelings of years rushed in a flood to her eyes. Just then, the servants came flocking from the house, headed by Molly in a silk gown, and fluttering in the splendour of a new cap and ribbons. Some of the villagers had already raised a shout of welcome, which was echoed by other voices along the avenue. In a few minutes, the carriage itself appeared in sight; and as the postilions cracked their whips above their heads, the four grey horses dashed forward at redoubled speed, and sweeping round the corner of the terrace, from which Madame de la Rochelle was waving her handkerchief in sign of recognition, were pulled

up panting and plunging in front of the chief entrance to the hall. A moment more, and Nevil had his mother in his arms.

It was long before she could see anything, think of anything but him. When at length she did look up, it was La Rochelle who was standing near her, waiting with an air of mingled courtesy and tenderness to present a bright, beautiful, half-retiring figure to her notice. But Nevil interposed, with a kindly glance at his friend, and himself led his wife to his mother, proudly, confidently, with no shadow of doubt or misgiving, as if he claimed for her as a right the same full measure of affection that was bestowed on him. Then, as the elder lady gazed on the lovely face before her, and caught the imploring expression of those large, eloquent eyes, a sudden light seemed to disperse the clouds that hung between them, all hesitation and reserve melted away on the instant, and clasping the young stranger to her bosom, forgetful of her previous fears, she gave her at once and for ever a daughter's place in her heart.

CHAPTER IV.

A FEW LAST WORDS.

“WHEN I think how all things have turned in my favour,” said Nevil to La Rochelle, as they strolled through the park on the morning after his arrival, “I can scarcely believe in my own good fortune, and I almost fear this happiness is too great to last.”

“My dear Nevil,” answered his friend, “we can none of us look for a long succession of untroubled days. Life, at the very best, will have its trials and sorrows. But you have ample reason to be grateful for many blessings, and as far as human foresight can reach, you may fairly hope for a not unprosperous future. It would be wrong and foolish to sadden the enjoyment of the present with anticipations of ills to come.”

“Oh! it is only that I am *too* happy! To

find myself once again amongst all I love, and in possession of all I wished for!"

"Well, it is true that times of unmixed felicity are rare in this world, and I do not promise you the continuance of this buoyant mood. But, whatever else may happen, I trust you will always preserve the two most precious things of all—faith in a protecting Providence, and the consciousness of duty done. And now I have a thousand questions to ask you about your Indian adventures. You must begin by telling me all you know of the last years of my dear old friend the Chevalier."

This was a theme on which Nevil loved to enlarge, and the smallest incident connected with it was full of interest for La Rochelle. It led them naturally to talk of Louise, and of the difficulties the young adventurer had encountered in the pursuit and rescue of his bride. Thence they passed to the general subject of Indian wars and politics, and Nevil had to relate in detail the various memorable events in which he had borne a part.

"I shall never tire of this exciting narrative," said La Rochelle, "and I shall often ask you to repeat the principal passages of

the story. Without knowing it, Nevil, you and your countrymen have laid the foundations of an empire. Henceforth, no rival power will be able to make head against you in the East, and sooner or later all India will be yours. You have won it by firmness, by perseverance, by matchless, indomitable valour. You will have to keep it by very different qualities."

"And those are?"

"Justice and mercy, patience and forbearance, a generous tolerance and a lofty impartiality. Many sects and races will be subject to your rule. You must learn to respect their customs, their opinions, even their follies and prejudices, and yet to govern them wisely for their own good. If you can succeed in convincing them, that you have no wish to destroy their national usages or their individual freedom, but that you are determined to protect all alike from violence and oppression—and if they find by experience, that they are safer and happier under your sway, than ever they were under that of their native princes—your empire will be strong and lasting. But if you fail to execute your trust, you cannot expect to hold it long."

“As far as I am concerned,” said Nevil, smiling, “my share in these transactions has been a very humble one. I am not the less thankful that my Indian life is over, and that I cannot be responsible for what others may do hereafter. Still, I have confidence in my countrymen, and I think on the whole they will prove equal to the task before them. Of course, there will be bad and selfish men amongst them ; but if we are to extend our empire as you suppose, I believe that the occasion will call forth great talents and great virtues.”

“I must own,” replied the Frenchman, “that you have reason to be proud of your country. It is not every nation that could find warriors and statesmen ready-made in its factories and counting-houses. You owe it in a large measure to your habits of freedom, independence, and self-government ; but you owe it still more to the spirit of loyalty and patriotism which binds you together. The Power that first planted you in your island fortress, amid boisterous seas and the rough storms of your inclement climate, destined you to grow up a vigorous and united people, and to do great things in the world for the

common service of mankind. May you never forget that you are but agents of His will !”

“I am sure,” returned Nevil, “that we never intended to do anything extraordinary. We went to India to carry on trade with the natives. It was the force of circumstances that led us to fight and conquer. We take no credit to ourselves for simply performing our duty to our employers, and if praise must be given to any one, it is due to Clive alone.”

The sun was shining brightly as they walked back towards the house, and in the garden they met Molly, who was engaged in showing the beauties of the place to the Ayah. Those two had already struck up a close friendship, founded on the discovery that they fully shared in all sorts of sympathies and attachments.

“For indeed, Master Nevil,” said Molly afterwards, “this black woman’s not a bit like the poor, savage creature I’d have supposed. She’s just as fond of her young mistress as I am of you, and she’s a decent, quiet body with a civil tongue in her head. And it’s not her fault, you know, that she wasn’t born in England, which of course is a great drawback ; but, Lord bless us and save us ! there

must be good people in other countries, though I never thought a Blackamoor could look and talk so much like a Christian !”

Meanwhile, within the house, the ladies had spent a pleasant morning. The two matrons had grown intimate with Louise, and had gradually drawn from her the story of her life. As her character, at once simple and noble, tender and pure, unrolled itself before them, they had come to regard her with ever increasing affection. They saw how the old knightly spirit of France had ingrafted itself on the soft Indian nature, how the child-flower had blossomed into sweet and perfect womanhood beneath the sunshine of a true, unselfish love, and how even the stormy days through which she had passed had only served to strengthen the best qualities of her heart and mind. It was touching also to mark the anxiety of the young wife, to learn all about the duties of her novel position, and the manners and customs of her adopted country, that her husband might have no cause to be ashamed of her inexperience.

“I know that I am very ignorant,” she said, “but if you will teach me, mother, I

will try to become what he always told me you were—a true English gentlewoman.”

“Be yourself, my dear Louise!” answered Mrs. Brooke. “Keep as you are, and I do not think we shall desire any change.”

“*Ma foi!*” cried Madame de la Rochelle; “you would spoil all, if you were to become a proud, stiff, formal English dame. I do not mean like our friend here, but like some I have known who freeze you with their grand airs. Be as English as you please in your feelings, but do not lose the agreeable affability of our *belle France*.”

“You shall both instruct me how to behave,” said Louise, laughing. “In the mean time I will sing you a song, which Nevil made when we were becalmed on the line.”

She ran to fetch her guitar, and seating herself on a low stool at the feet of her friends, she began to sing as follows, in a voice which had grown sweeter than ever, and with all the fire and expression which came naturally to her when inspired by music.

“Men of England! Sons of Ocean!

Through whatever climes you roam,

Cherish still the heart’s devotion

To your country and your home!

Stand between that home and danger
 Firmly as your fathers stood ;
 From the tyrant, from the stranger,
 Guard it with your dearest blood !
 Still repeat your island story,
 Handed down from age to youth—
 Prizing duty more than glory,
 Holding cheaper life than truth !

“ Yet, be sure, each other nation
 Hath its gleams of love and light ;
 Every land's the habitation
 Of some memories fair and bright.
 Not a people under heaven,
 In their own appointed place,
 But to them a share was given
 Of the blessings of the race.
 Though unlike in form and features,
 Manners, customs, language, name—
 They are all our fellow-creatures,
 And their birthright is the same !

“ Do not scorn—but learn to lead them
 With the kindly voice and glance !
 On the mighty march precede them,
 Foremost in the world's advance !
 By the day-star shining o'er us,
 And the human soul within,
 Grandeur triumphs lie before us,
 Nobler palms are yet to win.
 Onward then with ranks unbroken !
 England ever in the van—
 And her flag shall be the token
 Of the brotherhood of man ! ”

Louise was still singing, when the two gentlemen returned to the house. They stood silent in the doorway, spell-bound by her melodious notes, and charmed with the lovely picture that presented itself to their view. It was like a rich piece of warmth and colour, transported from the East to our colder regions. The Frenchman was the first to speak.

"My dear Nevil," he said, "you have brought home India to England."

"I have brought home what was most precious to me," answered the other, "and I only hope I may be able to take good care of it."

As Louise finished her song, she caught sight of her husband entering the room, and sprang up joyfully to receive him. Then, as he stooped to kiss her, and his fair locks mingled with her dark tresses, the Frenchman gazed admiringly and with almost paternal affection at the pair, and Madame de la Rochelle looked with a little air of triumph at her friend, as though to ask what had become of her doubts. But the widow's heart was too full to allow her to reply, and

it was only in her soft eyes that could be read those feelings of happiness and gratitude which had now replaced the melancholy forebodings of many anxious years.

THE END.

YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN,

November, 1876.

A
CLASSIFIED CATALOGUE
OF
SELECTED WORKS
PUBLISHED BY
GEORGE BELL AND SONS.

CONTENTS:

Travel and Archæology . . .	1	Poetry and Drama . . .	11
Biography--History . . .	2, 4	Law and Reference . . .	14
Philosophy . . .	5	Natural History . . .	15
Theology . . .	6	Art and Ornament . . .	16
Standard Prose . . .	10	Young People . . .	18

TRAVEL AND ARCHÆOLOGY.

ANCIENT ATHENS; its History, Topography, and Remains. By T. H. DYER, LL.D. Super-royal 8vo. copiously Illustrated. 17. 5s.

'Dr. Dyer's volume will be a work of reference to the student of Greek History and literature, of the greatest interest and value.'—*Spectator*.

DESERT OF THE EXODUS. Journeys on Foot in the Wilderness of the Forty Years' Wanderings, undertaken in connexion with the Ordnance Survey of Sinai and the Palestine Exploration Fund. By E. H. PALMER, M.A., Lord Almoner's Professor of Arabic, and Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. With Maps and numerous Illustrations. 2 vols. 8vo. 17. 8s.

'A work which the biblical student will highly prize for the strong light which it sheds upon a most important portion of Scripture history, but which cannot be read without interest and delight by every one who is capable of taking an intelligent interest in manners and customs widely removed from our own.'—*Saturday Review*.

HISTORY OF EGYPT. From the Earliest Times till its Conquest by the Arabs, A.D. 640. By S. SHARPE. New Edition. With numerous Illustrations, Maps, &c. 2 vols. post 8vo. 10s.

NINEVEH AND ITS PALACES. By J. BONOMI, F.R.S.L. New Edition, revised and considerably enlarged. With upwards of 300 Engravings. Post 8vo. 5s.

HISTORY OF POMPEII: its Buildings and Antiquities. An Account of the City, with full description of the Remains and Recent Excavations, and also an Itinerary for Visitors. By T. H. DYER, LL.D. With nearly 300 Wood Engravings, a large Map, and a Plan of the Forum. 4th Edition, bringing the work down to 1874. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

ROME AND THE CAMPAGNA. A Historical and Topographical Description of the Site, Buildings, and Neighbourhood of ancient Rome. By the Rev. R. BURN, late Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge. With 85 Engravings by JEWITT, and numerous Maps and Plans. An Appendix and additional Plan illustrating recent Excavations have lately been added. Demy 4to. 3l. 3s.

BIOGRAPHY.

BARBAULD (MRS.) A Memoir of, including Letters and Notices of her Family and Friends. By her great-niece, ANNA LETITIA LE BRETON. With Portrait. Demy 12mo. 5s.

BOSWELL'S JOHNSON, and JOHNSONIANA. Including his Tour to the Hebrides, Tour in Wales, &c. Edited, with large Additions and Notes, by the Rt. Hon. J. W. CROKER. The second and most complete Copyright Edition, with upwards of 40 Engravings on Steel. Post 8vo. 5 vols. 20s.

BRYAN. A Biographical and Critical Dictionary of Painters and Engravers. With a List of Ciphers, Monograms, and Marks. By M. BRYAN. A New Edition by G. STANLEY. Imp. 8vo. 2l. 2s.

— A SUPPLEMENT of RECENT and LIVING PAINTERS. By H. OTTLEY. Imp. 8vo. 12s.

COLERIDGE (S. T.) Biographia Literaria, and two Lay Sermons. Post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

COOPER (THOMPSON). A New Biographical Dictionary. By T. COOPER, F.S.A. 1 vol. 8vo. 12s.

GOETHE, Autobiography of (*Wahrheit und Dichtung aus Meinem Leben*). 2 vols. post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

GOETHE. Conversations with Eckermann and Soret. Post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

IRVING (W.) Life and Letters. By his Nephew, P. E. IRVING. In 2 vols. post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

LUTHER, Michelet's Life of. Translated by W. HAZLITT. Post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

MICHAEL ANGELO AND RAPHAEL, their Lives and Works. By DUPPA and QUATREMERE DE QUINCY. With 13 Engravings on Steel. Post 8vo. 5s.

NELSON, The Life of. By R. SOUTHEY. With additional Notes and numerous Illustrations. Post 8vo. 5s.

WASHINGTON, The Life of. By W. IRVING. With Portrait. In 4 vols. post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

WELLINGTON, The Life of. By AN OLD SOLDIER, from the materials of Maxwell. Eighteen Engravings. Post 8vo. 5s.

WESLEY (JOHN), The Life of. By R. SOUTHEY. New and Complete Edition. With Portrait. Post 8vo. 5s.

By the late Sir A. Helps, K.C.B.

BRASSEY (T.) The Life and Labours of the late. With Illustrations. 5th Edition, 10s. 6d.

HERNANDO CORTES, The Life of, and The CONQUEST OF MEXICO. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. 15s.

COLUMBUS, The Life of. The Discoverer of America. 4th Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.

PIZARRO, The Life of. With Some Account of his Associates in the Conquest of Peru. 2nd Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.

LAS CASAS, The Life of, the Apostle of the Indies. 3rd Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.

HISTORY.

KINGS OF ROME, History of the. By T. DYER, LL.D.
With a Prefatory Dissertation on the Sources and Evidences of
Early Roman History. Demy 8vo. 16s.

'It will mark or help to mark an era in the history of the subject to which it is devoted. It is one of the most decided as well as one of the ablest results of the reaction which is now in progress against the influence of Niebuhr.'—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

DECLINE OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC. From
the Destruction of Carthage to the Consulship of Julius Cæsar. By
GEORGE LONG, M.A. 5 vols. 8vo. 14s. per vol.

'If any one can guide us through the almost inextricable mazes of this labyrinth, it is Mr. Long. As a chronicler, he possesses all the requisite knowledge, and what is nearly, if not quite as important, the necessary caution. He never attempts to explain that which is hopelessly corrupt or obscure: he does not confound twilight with daylight; he warns the reader repeatedly that he is standing on shaking ground; he has no framework of theory into which he presses his facts.'—*Saturday Review*.

HISTORY OF ENGLAND, during the Early and
Middle Ages. By C. H. PEARSON, M.A., Fellow of Oriel College,
Oxford. New Edition, much enlarged. Vol. I. 8vo. 16s. Vol. II.
8vo. 14s.

HISTORICAL MAPS OF ENGLAND during the first
Thirteen Centuries. With Explanatory Essays and Indices. By
C. H. PEARSON, M.A. Imp. folio. 2nd Edition. 31s. 6d.

THE BARONS' WAR. Including the Battles of Lewes and
Evesham. By W. H. BLAAUW, Esq., M.A. 2nd Edition, with
Additions and Corrections by C. H. PEARSON, M.A. Demy 8vo.
10s. 6d.

QUEENS OF ENGLAND, from the Norman Conquest to
the Reign of Queen Anne. By AGNES STRICKLAND. Revised
Edition. In 6 vols. post 8vo. cloth gilt, 5s. 6d. per vol.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, The Life of. By A.
STRICKLAND. 2 vols. post 8vo. cloth gilt, 11s.

PHILOSOPHY.

ELEMENTS OF THOUGHT. By ISAAC TAYLOR.
Post 8vo. 4s.

HOME EDUCATION. By the same Author. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

ELEMENTS OF MORALITY, including Polity. By
W. WHEWELL, D.D. 4th Edition. In 1 vol. 8vo. 15s.

MORAL PHILOSOPHY. Lectures on the History of, in
England. By W. WHEWELL, D.D. Crown 8vo. 8s.

EXPLORATIO PHILOSOPHICA. Rough Notes on
Modern Intellectual Science. Part I. By the late J. GROTE, B.D.
8vo. 9s.

UTILITARIAN PHILOSOPHY. An Examination of
the. By the late J. GROTE, B.D. Edited by J. B. MAYOR, M.A.,
late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. 8vo. 12s.

ARETAICS AND EUDÆMONICS, a Theory of Virtue
and Happiness. By the late JOHN GROTE, B.D. [*In the press.*]

MANUAL OF HUMAN CULTURE. By M. A.
GARVEY, LL.B. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

LOCKE. PHILOSOPHICAL WORKS, containing an Essay
on the Human Understanding, &c., with Notes and Index by
J. A. ST. JOHN. Portrait. In 2 vols. Post 8vo. 7s.

INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT OF EUROPE.
A History of the. By J. W. DRAPER, M.D., LL.D. 2 vols. Post
8vo. 10s.

**PHILOSOPHICAL TREATISE ON THE
NATURE AND CONSTITUTION OF MAN.** By G. HARRIS.
2 vols. demy 8vo. cloth, 28s.

COMTE'S PHILOSOPHY OF THE SCIENCES. Edited
by G. H. LEWES. Post 8vo. 5s.

KANT. CRITIQUE OF PURE REASON. Translated by
J. M. D. MEIKLEJOHN. Post 8vo. 5s.

**HEGEL. LECTURES ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF
HISTORY.** Translated by J. SIBREE, M.A. Post 8vo. 5s.

THEOLOGY.

ARTICLES OF RELIGION, History of the. To which is added a Series of Documents from A.D. 1536 to A.D. 1615. Together with Illustrations from contemporary sources. By the late C. HARDWICK, M.A., Archdeacon of Ely. 3rd Edition. Revised by the Rev. F. PROCTER, M.A., Author of 'A History of the Book of Common Prayer,' with additional matter. Post 8vo. 5s.

THE CREEDS, History of. By J. RAWSON LUMBY, M.A., Tyrwhitt's Hebrew Scholar, Crosse Divinity Scholar. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

PEARSON (BP.) ON THE CREED. Carefully printed from an Early Edition. With Analysis and Index. Edited by E. WALFORD, M.A. Post 8vo. 5s.

COMMON PRAYER. Historical and Explanatory Treatise on the Book of. By W. G. HUMPHRY, B.D., Prebendary of St. Paul's and Vicar of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. 5th Edition, revised and enlarged. Fcap. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

COMMON PRAYER, Rational Illustrations of the Book of. By C. WHEATLY, M.A. Post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE OLD TESTAMENT. By F. BLEEK. Translated from the German by G. H. VENABLES, under the supervision of the Rev. E. VENABLES. In 2 vols. 10s.

COMPANION TO THE GREEK TESTAMENT. For the use of Theological Students and the Upper Forms in Schools. By A. C. BARRETT, M.A., Caius College. 3rd Edition, enlarged and improved. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

By F. H. Scrivener, D.C.L., Prebendary of Exeter.

NOVUM TESTAMENTUM GRÆCUM, TEXTUS STEPHANICI, 1550. Accedunt variæ lectiones editionum Bezae, Elzeviri, Lachmanni, Tischendorfii, et Tregellesii. 16mo. 4s. 6d. With wide Margin for Notes, 7s. 6d.

A PLAIN INTRODUCTION TO THE CRITICISM OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. With 40 Facsimiles from Ancient Manuscripts. Containing also an Account of the Egyptian Versions by Canon LIGHTFOOT, D.D. For the Use of Biblical Students. New Edition. Demy 8vo. 16s.

SIX LECTURES ON THE TEXT OF THE NEW TESTAMENT and the ancient Manuscripts which contain it. Chiefly addressed to those who do not read Greek. With facsimiles from MSS. &c. Crown 8vo. 6s.

BOOK OF PSALMS; a New Translation, with Introductions and Notes, Critical and Explanatory. By the Rev. J. J. STEWART PEROWNE, D.D., Canon Residentiary of Llandaff, and Hulsean Professor of Divinity, Cambridge. 8vo. Vol. I. 3rd Edition, 18s. Vol. II. 3rd Edition, 16s. An abridged Edition for Schools and Private Students. Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.

A COMMENTARY ON THE GOSPELS AND EPISTLES for the Sundays and other Holy Days of the Christian Year. By the Rev. W. DENTON, A.M., Worcester College, Oxford, and Incumbent of St. Bartholomew's, Cripplegate. In 5 vols. 18s. each.

A COMMENTARY ON THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES. In 2 vols. Vol. I. 18s. Vol. II. 14s.

These Commentaries originated in Notes collected by the compiler to aid in the composition of expository sermons. They are derived from all available sources, and especially from the wide but little-known field of theological comment found in the 'Schoolmen' of the Middle Ages. The special nature of the sources from which they have been derived ought to make them indispensable to all who wish to expound the Holy-Scriptures with as much understanding as may be obtained by extraneous help.

BIBLE-ENGLISH. Chapters on Words and Phrases in the Authorized Version of the Holy Scriptures and the Book of Common Prayer, no longer in common use; illustrated from contemporaneous writers. By the Rev. T. LEWIS O. DAVIES, M.A., Vicar of St. Mary Extra, Southampton. Small crown 8vo. 5s.

'Everyone who takes an interest in the history of the English Language, and indeed everyone who is not absolutely inattentive to the words spoken around him, may turn to Mr. Davies's little book with the certainty of finding both useful information and agreeable entertainment in its pages.'—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

LIFE OF JESUS CHRIST; in its Historical Connection and Development. By A. NEANDER. From the 4th German Edition. Post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

LIFE AND EPISTLES OF ST. PAUL. By T. LEWIN, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., Trinity College, Oxford, Barrister-at-Law, Author of 'Fasti Sacri,' 'Siege of Jerusalem,' 'Cæsar's Invasion,' 'Treatise on Trusts,' &c. With upwards of 350 Illustrations finely engraved on Wood, Maps, Plans, &c. In 2 vols. 3rd Edition, revised. Demy 4to. 2l. 2s.

'Nothing but a careful inspection of the work itself can give the reader an adequate idea of the thoroughness with which Mr. Lewin has carried out his plan—a plan which may be described as the giving of all information possibly attainable about every person or place connected directly or even indirectly with St. Paul.'—*Spectator*.

FASTI SACRI; or, a Key to the Chronology of the New Testament. By the same Author. 4to. 21s.

ANALOGY OF RELIGION, Natural and Revealed, and Sermons with Notes. By Bp. BUTLER. Post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

HOLY LIVING AND DYING. By BP. JEREMY TAYLOR.
With portrait. Post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

THOMAS A KEMPIS. On the Imitation of Christ. A
New Translation. By the Rt. Rev. H. GOODWIN, Bishop of Carlisle.
3rd Edition. With fine Steel Engraving after Guido, 5s.; without
the Engraving, 3s. 6d. Cheap Edition, 1s. cloth; 6d. sewed.

For Confirmation Candidates.

**THE CHURCH TEACHER'S MANUAL OF
CHRISTIAN INSTRUCTION.** Being the Church Catechism
expanded and explained in Question and Answer, for the use of
Clergymen, Parents, and Teachers. By the Rev. M. F. SADLER.
13th Thousand. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

'It is impossible to overrate the service to religious instruction achieved by this compact and yet pregnant volume. . . . We owe many boons to Mr. Sadler, whose sermons and theological lectures and treatises have wrought much good in matters of faith. This Catechetical Manual is second to none of such.'—*English Churchman*.

CATECHETICAL HINTS AND HELPS. A Manual
for Parents and Teachers on giving Instruction in the Catechism of
the Church of England. 3rd Edition, revised and enlarged. Fcap.
8vo. 2s. 6d.

'Perhaps the most thoroughly *practical* little book on its subject we have ever seen. Its explanations, its paraphrases, its questions, and the mass of information contained in its appendices, are not merely invaluable in themselves, but they are the information actually wanted for the purpose of the teaching contemplated. We do not wonder at its being in its third edition.'—*Literary Churchman*.

THE WINTON CHURCH CATECHIST. Questions
and Answers on the Teaching of the Church Catechism. 32mo.
cloth, 3s. Also in Four Parts, 6d. or 9d. each.

LIFE AFTER CONFIRMATION. By J. S. BLUNT.
18mo. 1s.

CONFIRMATION DAY. Being a Book of Instruction for
Young Persons how they ought to spend that solemn day. By the
Rt. Rev. H. GOODWIN, D.D., Bp. of Carlisle. 8th Thousand.
2d., or 25 for 3s. 6d.

By the Rev. M. F. Sadler, Rector of Honiton.

THE ONE OFFERING; a Treatise on the Sacrificial
Nature of the Eucharist. Fcap. 8vo. cloth, 3rd Edition, 2s. 6d.

'A treatise of singular clearness and force, which gives us what we did not really possess till it appeared.'—*Church Times*.

'It is by far the most useful, trustworthy, and accurate book we have seen upon the subject.'—*Literary Churchman*.

'The subject of the Holy Eucharist is ably and fully treated, and in a candid spirit, by Mr. Sadler in these pages.'—*English Churchman*.

THE LOST GOSPEL AND ITS CONTENTS;

or, the Author of 'Supernatural Religion' Refuted by Himself. By
Rev. M. F. SADLER, Rector of Honiton. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d.

'Mr. Sadler seems to us particularly successful in exposing the nasty and
unsound reasoning which has been applied to the Fourth Gospel.'—Mr. W
Sanday. (*In the Academy.*)

THE SACRAMENT OF RESPONSIBILITY; or,

Testimony of the Scripture to the Teaching of the Church on Holy
Baptism. Fcap. 8vo. cloth, 2s. 6d. Also, Cheap Edition, 6th
Edition, fcap. 8vo. sewed, 6d.

'An exceedingly valuable repertory of arguments on the questions it refers
to.'—*English Churchman.*

CHURCH DOCTRINE—BIBLE TRUTH. Fcap. 8vo.

18th Thousand, 3s. 6d.

'Some writers have the gift of speaking the right word at the right time, and
the Rev. M. F. Sadler is pre-eminently one of them. "Church Doctrine—Bible
Truth," is full of wholesome truths fit for these times. . . . He has power
of putting his meaning in a forcible and intelligible way, which will, we trust,
enable his valuable work to effect that which it is well calculated to effect, viz. to
meet with an appropriate and crushing reply one of the most dangerous mis-
beliefs of the time.'—*Guardian.*

THE SECOND ADAM AND THE NEW BIRTH;

or, the Doctrine of Baptism as contained in Holy Scripture. Fcap.
8vo. 6th Edition, price 4s. 6d.

'The most striking peculiarity of this useful little work is that its author
argues almost exclusively from the Bible. We commend it most earnestly to
clergy and laity, as containing in a small compass, and at a trifling cost, a body
of sound and Scriptural doctrine respecting the New Birth, which cannot be too
widely circulated.'—*Guardian.*

PARISH SERMONS. Trinity to Advent. Fcap. 8vo. 2nd

Edition, 6s.

PLAIN SPEAKING ON DEEP TRUTHS. Sermons

preached at St. Paul's Church, Bedford. Fcap. 8vo. 3rd Edition, 6s.

ABUNDANT LIFE, and other Sermons. Fcap. 8vo. 6s.

THE COMMUNICANT'S MANUAL; being a Book of

Self-examination, Prayer, Praise, and Thanksgiving. 7th Thousand.
Royal 32mo. roan, gilt edges, price 2s.; cloth, 1s. 6d. Cheap Edi-
tion, for distribution, 19th Thousand, 8d. A larger Edition, on fine
paper, and Rubrics. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.; morocco, 8s. 6d.

SCRIPTURE TRUTHS. A Series of Ten Plain, Popular

Tracts upon subjects now universally under discussion. 9d. per set,
sold separately. No. 1. Reasons for Infant Baptism. 2. On
Eucharistic Worship. 3. On the Priesthood of the Christian
Ministry. 4. On Confirmation. 5. Reasons for receiving the Holy
Communion. 6. On the Doctrine of the Holy Communion. 7. On
Baptism and Conversion. 8. Some Objections to receiving the
Holy Communion considered. 9. On the First Truths of the
Christian Faith. 10. On Faith and Justification.

STANDARD PROSE WORKS.

ADDISON. Works With Notes by Bishop HURD, and numerous unpublished Letters. With Portrait and eight steel Engravings. 6 vols. cloth, gilt, post 8vo. 4s. each.

BACON'S (LORD) ESSAYS AND HISTORICAL WORKS, with Introduction and Notes by J. DEVEY, M.A. Post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

BURKE. Works. In 8 vols. post 8vo. cloth, gilt, 4s. each.

COLERIDGE (S. T.) THE FRIEND. A Series of Essays on Morals, Politics, and Religion. Post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

COLERIDGE (S. T.) BIOGRAPHIA LITERARIA, and Two Lay Sermons. Post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

CRAIK (G. L.) THE PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES. Illustrated. Post 8vo. 5s.

EMERSON (R. W.) WORKS, comprising Essays, Lectures, Poems, and Orations. In 2 vols. post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

FIELDING (H.) TOM JONES, the History of a Foundling. ROSCOE's Edition revised. With Illustrations by G. CRUIKSHANK. In 2 vols. 7s.

FIELDING (H.) JOSEPH ANDREWS, and ROSCOE's Biography of the Author revised. With Illustrations by G. CRUIKSHANK. Post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

HAZLITT'S (W.) TABLE-TALK. Essays on Men and Manners. Post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

IRVING (W.) WORKS. In 11 vols. Post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each. [See also p. 3.]

LAMB (C.) ESSAYS OF ELIA AND ELIANA. New Edition, post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

LUTHER (M.) TABLE-TALK. Translated by W. HAZLITT With Life and Portrait. Post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

MANZONI (ALESSANDRO). THE BETROTHED (I promessi Sposi). The only complete English translation. With numerous Woodcuts, 5s.

PEPYS'S DIARY. With Life and Notes by Richard Lord BRAYBROOKE. 4 vols. post 8vo. cloth, gilt, 5s. 6d. per vol.

PROUT (FATHER) RELIQUES. New Edition, revised and largely augmented. Twenty-one spirited Etchings by MACLISE. One vol. 7s. 6d.

RICHTER (J. P. F.). AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND LEVANA. Translated. Post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

— **FLOWER, FRUIT, AND THORN PIECES.** Translated by ALEX. EWING. Post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

WALTON. THE COMPLETE ANGLER. Edited by E. JESSE. With an account of Fishing Stations, &c., by H. G. BOHN. Upwards 203 Engravings. Post 8vo. 5s.; or with 26 additional page Illustrations on Steel, 7s. 6d.

POETRY AND DRAMA.

SHAKESPEARE. Edited by S. W. SINGER. With a Life by W. W. LLOYD. Uniform with the Aldine Edition of the Poets. 10 vols. 2s. 6d. each. In half morocco, 5s.

CRITICAL ESSAYS ON THE PLAYS. By W. W. LLOYD. In one volume. Uniform with the above, 2s. 6d.; in half morocco, 5s.

SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS AND POEMS. With Notes and Life by CHARLES KNIGHT, and 40 Engravings on Wood by HARVEY. Royal 8vo. cloth, 10s. 6d.

— (VALPY'S Cabinet Pictorial Edition), with Glossarial Notes, Digests, &c., and 171 Outline Plates. 15 vols. Fcap. 8vo. 2l. 5s.

— (Pocket Volume Edition). Comprising all his Plays and Poems. Edited from the First Folio Edition by T. KEIGHTLEY. 13 vols. royal 32mo. in a cloth box, price 21s.

SHAKESPEARE. DRAMATIC ART OF, The History and Character of the Plays. By Dr. ULRICI. Translated by L. D. SCHMITZ. 2 vols. post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

GREENE, MARLOWE, and BEN JONSON. Poems of. Edited by ROBERT BELL. 1 vol. post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

PERCY'S RELIQUES OF ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY. Reprinted from the Original Edition, and Edited by J. V. PRICHARD. In 2 vols. 7s.

MILTON'S (J.) POETICAL WORKS. With Memoir and Notes, and 120 Engravings. In 2 vols. post 8vo. 5s. each.

GOLDSMITH. POEMS. Illustrated. 16mo. 2s. 6d.

SHERIDAN'S DRAMATIC WORKS. With Short Life, by G. C. S., and Portrait. Post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

ALFIERI. The Tragedies of. In English Verse. Edited by
E. A. BOWRING, C.B. 2 vols. post 8vo. 7s.

DANTE. THE DIVINE COMEDY. Translated by the Rev.
H. F. CARY. Post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

This and the following one are the only editions containing the author's last corrections and emendations.

— The Popular Edition, neatly Printed in Double Columns.
Royal 8vo. sewed, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s. 6d.

— Translated into English Verse by J. C. WRIGHT, M.A.
With Portrait and 34 Engravings on Steel, after Flaxman. 5th
Edition, post 8vo. 5s.

PETRARCH. SONNETS, TRIUMPHS, AND OTHER
POEMS. Translated into English Verse. With Campbell's Life
of the Poet. Illustrated. Post 8vo. 5s.

MOLIÈRE. DRAMATIC WORKS. In prose. Translated
by C. H. WALL. In 3 vols. post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each. Vol. II.
immediately.

Translated by E. A. Bowring, C.B.

POEMS OF GOETHE. 2nd Edition (including Hermann
and Dorothea). Post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

POEMS OF SCHILLER. 2nd Edition. Post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

POEMS OF HEINE. 2nd Edition. Post 8vo. 5s.

By Professor Conington, M.A.

HORACE'S ODES AND CARMEN SÆCULARE. Trans-
lated into English Verse. 7th Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 5s. 6d.

— **SATIRES AND EPISTLES.** Translated into English
Verse. 3rd Edition. 6s. 6d.

By C. S. Calverley.

VERSES AND TRANSLATIONS. 5th Edition. Fcap.
8vo. 5s.

FLY LEAVES. 6th Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

TRANSLATIONS INTO ENGLISH AND LATIN.
Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

THEOCRITUS, Translated into English Verse. Crown 8vo.
7s. 6d.

By Adelaide Anne Procter.

LEGENDS AND LYRICS. Illustrated Edition, with Portrait, and Introduction by CHARLES DICKENS, 211.

— First Series. Introduction by CHARLES DICKENS, and Portrait of the Author. 25th Thousand. Fcap. 8vo. 6s.

— Second Series. 19th Thousand. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

ENGLISH SONGS AND LYRICS. By BARRY CORNWALL. New Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 6s.

ALDINE SERIES OF THE BRITISH POETS.

The Editors of the various authors in this Series have in all cases endeavoured to make the collections of Poems as complete as possible, and in many instances copyright Poems are to be found in these editions which are not in any other. Each volume is carefully edited, with Notes where necessary for the elucidation of the Text, and a Memoir. A Portrait also is added in all cases where an authentic one is accessible. The volumes are printed on toned paper in fcap. 8vo. size, and neatly bound in cloth gilt, price 5s. each.

*** A Cheap Reprint of this Series, neat cloth, 1s. 6d. per volume.

AKENSIDE.
BEATTIE.
BURNS. 3 vols.
BUTLER. 2 vols.
CHAUCER. 6 vols.
CHURCHILL. 2 vols.
COLLINS.
COWPER, including his Trans-
lations. 3 vols.
DRYDEN. 5 vols.
FALCONER.
GOLDSMITH.
GRAY.

KIRKE WHITE.
MILTON. 3 vols.
PARNELL.
POPE. 3 vols.
PRIOR. 2 vols.
SHAKESPEARE'S POEMS.
SPENSER. 5 vols.
SURREY.
SWIFT. 3 vols.
THOMSON. 2 vols.
WYATT.
YOUNG. 2 vols.

The following volumes of a New Series have been issued, 5s. each.

CHATTERTON. 2 vols.
CAMPBELL.
WILLIAM BLAKE.
ROGERS.

THE COURTLY POETS, from
RALEIGH to WOTTON.
GEORGE HERBERT
KEATS.

REFERENCE.

STUDENTS' GUIDE to the University of Cambridge. 3rd Edition, revised and corrected. Fcap. 8vo. 6s. 6d.

KING'S INTEREST TABLES. 24th Edition. 7s. 6d.

KENT'S COMMENTARY on International Law. Revised, with additional Notes and Cases, by J. T. ABDY, LL.D. 8vo. 16s.

THE EPIGRAMMATISTS. Selections from the Epigrammatic Literature of Ancient, Mediæval, and Modern Times. With Notes, &c. by Rev. H. P. DODD, M.A. 2nd Edition, enlarged. Post 8vo. 6s.

LATIN AND GREEK QUOTATIONS. A Dictionary of. Including Proverbs, Maxims, Mottoes, Law Terms, Phrases, &c. By H. T. RILEY. Post 8vo. 5s. With Index Verborum, 6s.

BRYAN'S DICTIONARY OF PAINTERS. *See p. 2.*

COOPER'S BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY. *See p. 2.*

DR. RICHARDSON'S DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. Combining Explanation with Etymology, and copiously illustrated by Quotations from the best authorities. New edition, with a Supplement. In 2 vols. 4to. 4l. 14s. 6d.; half-bound in russia, 5l. 15s. 6d.; russia, 6l. 12s. The Supplement separately. 4to. 12s. An 8vo edition, without the Quotations, 15s.; half russia, 20s.; russia, 24s.

The following are the only authorised and unabridged Editions of **WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY** containing the valuable Etymological Notes and Derivations of Dr. MAHN, of Berlin, who devoted five years to the Revision of the Work.

WEBSTER'S GUINEA DICTIONARY, containing all English words now in use, including scientific, biblical, and Scottish terms and phrases, with their pronunciations, alternative spellings, derivations, and meanings. In 1 vol. 4to. with nearly 1600 pages and 3000 Illustrations. Strongly bound in cloth, 21s.; half-calf, 30s.; calf or half russia, 1l. 11s. 6d.; russia, 2l.

WEBSTER'S COMPLETE DICTIONARY, containing all that appears in the above, and also a valuable Appendix, and 70 pages of Illustrations grouped and classified, rendering it a complete Literary and Scientific Reference Book. 1 vol. 4to. strongly bound in cloth, 1l. 11s. 6d.; half calf, 2l.; calf or half russia, 2l. 2s.; russia, 2l. 10s.

'Certainly the best practical English Dictionary extant.'—*Quarterly Review.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

BOTANIST'S POCKET-BOOK. By W. R. HAYWARD.

Containing the Botanical name, Common name, Soil or Situation, Colour, Growth, and time of Flowering of all plants, arranged in a tabulated form. Fcap. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

COTTAGE GARDENER'S DICTIONARY. With a

Supplement, containing all the new plants and varieties down to the year 1869. Edited by G. W. JOHNSON. Post 8vo. cloth, 6s. 6d.

MY GARDEN; its Plan and Culture. Together with a

General Description of its Geology, Botany, and Natural History. By A. SMEE, F.R.S., with more than 1300 Engravings on Wood. 4th Thousand, imp. 8vo. 21s.

"My Garden" is indeed a book which ought to be in the hands of everyone who is fortunate enough to possess a garden of his own; he is certain to find some things in it from which he may profit.—*Nature*.

NATURAL HISTORY OF SELBORNE. With Notes

by Sir WILLIAM JARDINE and EDWARD JESSE, Esq. Illustrated by 40 highly-finished Engravings; or, with the Plates coloured, 7s. 6d.

SOWERBY'S FERNS AND FERN-ALLIES OF GREAT

BRITAIN. With 80 Plates by J. E. SOWERBY. The Descriptions, Synonyms, &c., by C. JOHNSON. Royal paper, Coloured Plates, 25s.

SOWERBY'S BOTANY. Containing a Description and

Life-size Drawing of every British Plant. Edited and brought up to the present standard of scientific knowledge, by T. BOSWELL (formerly SYME), LL.D., F.L.S., &c. With Popular Descriptions of the Uses, History, and Traditions of each Plant, by Mrs. LANKESTER, Author of 'Wild Flowers worth Notice,' 'The British Ferns,' &c. The Figures by J. C. SOWERBY, F.L.S., J. DE C. SOWERBY, F.L.S., and J. W. SALTER, A.L.S., F.G.S., and JOHN EDWARD SOWERBY. Third Edition, entirely revised, with descriptions of all the species by the Editor. In 11 vols. 22l. 8s. cloth; 24l. 12s. half morocco; and 28l. 3s. 6d. whole morocco. Volumes sold separately.

ART AND ORNAMENT.

TURNER'S LIBER STUDIORUM Seventy-one Reproductions in Permanent Photography of this Series of Etchings. 3 vols. imp. folio, 4*l.* 4*s.* Sold separately. Vol. I. Architectural and Historical Subjects; Vol. II. Mountain and Marine Subjects; Vol. III. Pastoral Subjects.

TURNER'S PICTURESQUE VIEWS IN ENGLAND AND WALES. With Descriptive Notices. 96 Illustrations, reproduced in Permanent Photography. In 3 vols. imp. 4*to.* Vol. I. Landscapes, 40 Plates, 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*; Vol. II. Castles and Abbeys, 32 Plates, 2*l.* 2*s.*; Vol. III. Coast Scenery, 24 Plates, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

TURNER'S CELEBRATED LANDSCAPES. Sixteen Autotype Reproductions of the most important Works of J. M. W. TURNER, R.A. With Memoir and Descriptions. Imp. 4*to.* 2*l.* 2*s.*

THE RAFFAËLE GALLERY. Permanent Reproductions in Autotype of Engravings of the most celebrated Works of RAFFAËLE SANZIO D'URBINO. With Descriptions, &c. Imp. quarto, 2*l.* 2*s.*

THE LANDSEER GALLERY. Autotype Reproductions of Engravings of the celebrated early Paintings of Sir E. LANDSEER, R.A. Imp. quarto, 2*l.* 2*s.*

MEMOIRS OF SIR EDWIN LANDSEER. Being a New Edition of 'The Early Works of Sir Edwin Landseer.' Revised and enlarged by F. G. STEPHENS. With 24 Illustrations in Photography. Imp. 8*vo.* 1*l.* 5*s.*

NOTES ON IRISH ARCHITECTURE. By the late EARL OF DUNRAVEN. Edited by M. STOKES, Associate of the Scottish Society of Antiquaries. With numerous Woodcuts and 65 fine Photographic Illustrations. Imp. 4*to.* Vol. I. 4*l.* 4*s.*; Vol. II. *immediately.*

MOUNTAINS AND LAKES OF SWITZERLAND AND ITALY. 64 Picturesque Views in Chromolithograph, from Original Sketches by C. C. PYNE. With a Map of Routes and Descriptive Notes by Rev. J. MERCIER. 2*nd* Edition. Crown 4*to.* 2*l.* 2*s.*

RIVIERA, THE. Pen-and-Pencil Sketches from Cannes to Genoa. By DEAN ALFORD. With 12 Chromolithographic Illustrations and numerous Woodcuts, from Drawings by the Author. Imp. 8vo. 21s.

CRUIKSHANK (G.) A COMPLETE CATALOGUE OF THE ENGRAVED WORKS OF. Including Etchings on Steel, Copper, &c., and Woodcuts executed between the years 1805 and 1870. Compiled by G. W. REID, Keeper of the Prints and Drawings in the British Museum. With a large number of Illustrations, chiefly from the Original Plates and Blocks. In 3 vols. royal 4to. 12l. 12s.

FLAXMAN. LECTURES ON SCULPTURE, as delivered before the President and Members of the Royal Academy. By J. FLAXMAN, R.A. With 53 Plates. New Edition, 5s.

HEATON (MRS.) A CONCISE HISTORY OF PAINTING FOR STUDENTS AND GENERAL READERS. By Mrs. HEATON. With Illustrations. 8vo. 15s.

DRAWING COPIES. By P. H. DELAMOTTE, Professor of Drawing at King's College, London. 96 Original Sketches in Architecture, Trees, Figures, Foregrounds, Landscapes, Boats, and Sea-pieces. Royal 8vo. Oblong, half-bound, 12s.

HANDBOOK TO THE DEPARTMENT OF PRINTS AND DRAWINGS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM. With Introduction and Notices of the various Schools, and a Frontispiece after Raffaele. By LOUIS FAGAN, of the Department of Prints and Drawings, British Museum. Medium 8vo. 8s.; sewed, 9s. in cloth.

By Eliza Meteyard.

MEMORIALS OF WEDGWOOD. A Series of Plaques, Cameos, Vases, &c., selected from various Private Collections, and executed in Permanent Photography. With Introduction and Descriptions. Imp. 4to. 3l. 3s.

WEDGWOOD AND HIS WORKS: a Selection of his choicest Plaques, Medallions, Vases, &c., from Designs by FLAXMAN and others, in Permanent Photography, with a Sketch of his Life and of the Progress of his Art Manufacture. Imp. 4to. 3l. 3s.

CATALOGUE OF WEDGWOOD'S MANUFACTURES. With Illustrations. Half-bound 8vo. 10s. 6d.

WEDGWOOD HANDBOOK. A Manual for Collectors: Treating of the Marks, Monograms, and other Tests of the Old Period of Manufacture; also including the Catalogues with Prices obtained at various Sales, together with a Glossary of Terms. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

OLD DERBY CHINA FACTORY. The Workmen and their Productions. Containing Biographical Sketches of the chief Artist-workmen, the various Marks used, Facsimiles from the old Derby Books, and original Price Lists of more than 400 Figures and Groups, &c. With 12 Coloured Plates and numerous Woodcuts. By JOHN HASLEM. Imp. 8vo. 31s. 6d.

'That which has been done so well by Miss Meteyard for Etruria, by Mr. Binns for Worcester, and by Mr. Owen for Bristol, has now been done for the Derby works with at least equal zeal, intelligence, and ability, by Mr. Haslem.'—*Staffordshire Advertiser.*

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

AUNT JUDY'S MAGAZINE. Edited by H. K. F. GATTY. Imp. 16mo. 8d. Monthly.

The CHRISTMAS VOLUME for 1876 contains Stories by ASCOTT R. HOPE, Mrs. EWING, Mrs. O'REILLY, and others. Translations from the German and Swedish. Short Stories. Old-fashioned Fairy Tales. Papers on Historical Subjects. Natural History Articles. Short Biographies of Eminent Persons. Verses. Child-poems. A Christmas Play. Hints for Private Theatricals. Songs with Music. Acrostics. Correspondence. Book Notices. Upwards of One Hundred Illustrations, and a Portrait, beautifully engraved on steel by C. H. JEENS, accompanied by a Memoir of HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. Handsomely bound, price 8s. 6d.

Former Volumes may still be had, some at reduced prices.

By Mrs. Alfred Gatty.

PARABLES FROM NATURE. With Notes on the Natural History; and numerous large Illustrations by eminent Artists. 4to. cloth gilt, 21s. Also in 2 vols. 10s. 6d. each.

— 16mo. with Illustrations. First Series, 16th Edition, 1s. 6d. Second Series, 10th Edition, 2s. The two Series in 1 vol. 3s. 6d. Third Series, 6th Edition, 2s. Fourth Series, 4th Edition, 2s. The two Series in one vol. 4s. Fifth Series, 2s.

WORLDS NOT REALIZED. 16mo. 4th Edition. 2s.

PROVERBS ILLUSTRATED. 16mo. With Illustrations. 4th Edition, 2s.

A BOOK OF EMBLEMS. Drawn by F. GILBERT. With Introduction and Explanations. Imp. 16mo. 4s. 6d.

WAIFS AND STRAYS OF NATURAL HISTORY. With Coloured Frontispiece and Woodcuts. Fcap. 3s. 6d.

THE POOR INCUMBENT. Fcap. 8vo. 1s. and 1s. 6d.

AUNT SALLY'S LIFE. With Six Illustrations. Square 16mo. 3rd Edition, 3s. 6d.

THE MOTHER'S BOOK OF POETRY. Selected and Arranged by Mrs. A. GATTY. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.; or with Illustrations, elegantly bound, 7s. 6d.

A BIT OF BREAD. By JEAN MACÉ. Translated by Mrs. ALFRED GATTY. 2 vols. fcap. 8vo. Vol. I. 4s. 6d. Vol. II. 3s. 6d.

The Uniform Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. each volume.

PARABLES FROM NATURE. 2 vols. With Portrait.

THE HUMAN FACE DIVINE, and other Tales. With Illustrations. 2nd Edition.

THE FAIRY GODMOTHERS, and other Tales. With Frontispiece. 5th Edition. 2s. 6d.

AUNT JUDY'S TALES. Illustrated. 5th Edition.

AUNT JUDY'S LETTERS; a Sequel to 'Aunt Judy's Tales.' Illustrated. New Edition.

DOMESTIC PICTURES AND TALES. With 6 Illustrations. **WORLDS NOT REALIZED,** and Proverbs Illustrated.

THE HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY, and other Tales. With Illustrations by PHIZ. New Edition.

MRS. ALFRED GATTY'S PRESENTATION BOX for Young People, containing the above volumes, neatly bound, and enclosed in a cloth box. 31s. 6d.

By Mrs. Ewing.

'Everything Mrs. Ewing writes is full of talent, and also full of perception and common sense.'—*Saturday Review*.

THE BROWNIES, and other Tales. Illustrated by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. 3rd Edition. Imp. 16mo. 5s.

'Mrs. Ewing gives us some really charming writing. While her first story most prettily teaches children how much they can do to help their parents, the immediate result will be, we fear, anything but good. For if a child once begins "The Brownies," it will get so deeply interested in it, that when bed-time comes it will altogether forget the moral, and will weary its parents with importunities for just a few minutes more to see how everything ends. The frontispiece, by the old friend of our childhood, George Cruikshank, is no less pretty than the story.'—*Saturday Review*.

MRS. OVERTHEWAY'S REMEMBRANCES.

Illustrated with 20 fine Full-page Engravings on Wood, after Drawings by PASQUIER and WOLF. 2nd Edition, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

'It is not often nowadays the privilege of a critic to grow enthusiastic over a new work; and the rarity of the occasion that calls forth the delight is apt to lead one into the sin of hyperbole. And yet we think we shall not be accused of extravagance when we say that, without exception, "Mrs. Overthway's Remembrances" is the most delightful work avowedly written for children that we have ever read. There are passages in this book which the genius of George Eliot would be proud to own. . . . It is full of a peculiar, heart-stirring pathos of its own, which culminates in the last pages, when Ida finds that her father is not dead. The book is one that may be recurred to often, and always with the same delight. We predict for it a great popularity.'—*Leader*.

By Mrs. Ewing—Continued.

MELCHIOR'S DREAM, and other Tales. Illustrated. 3rd Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

'"Melchior's Dream" is an exquisite little story, charming by original humour, buoyant spirits, and tender pathos.'—*Athenæum*.

A FLAT IRON FOR A FARTHING; or, Some Passages in the Life of an Only Son. With 12 Illustrations by H. ALLINGHAM. 4th Edition. Small 8vo. 5s.

'Let every parent and guardian who wishes to be amused, and at the same time to please a child, purchase "A Flat Iron for a Farthing; or, Some Passages in the Life of an Only Son," by J. H. Ewing. We will answer for the delight with which they will read it themselves, and we do not doubt that the young and fortunate recipients will also like it. The story is quaint, original, and altogether delightful.'—*Athenæum*.

'A capital book for a present. No child who is fortunate enough to possess it will be in a hurry to put it down, for it is a book of uncommon fascination. The story is good, the principles inculcated admirable, and some of the illustrations simply delicious.'—*John Bull*.

LOB-LIE-BY-THE-FIRE; or, the Luck of Lingborough. And other Tales. Illustrated by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. 2nd Edition. Imp. 16mo. 5s.

'A charming tale by another of those clever writers, thanks to whom the children are now really better served than their neighbours.'—*Spectator*.

'Mrs. Ewing has written as good a story as her "Brownies," and that is saying a great deal. "Lob-lie-by-the-fire" has humour and pathos, and teaches what is right without making children think they are reading a sermon.'—*Saturday Review*.

SIX TO SIXTEEN: A Story for Girls. With 10 Illustrations by Mrs. ALLINGHAM. 3rd Edition. Small post 8vo. 5s.

'The homely good sense and humour of the bulk of the story are set off by the pathos of its opening and its close, and a soft and beautiful light, as of dawn and sunset, is thrown round the substantial English ideal of what a girl's education ought to be, which runs through the tale.'—*Spectator*.

'It is a beautifully told story, full of humour and pathos, and bright sketches of scenery and character. It is all told with great naturalness, and will amuse grown-up people quite as much as children. In reading the story, we have been struck especially by characteristic bits of description, which show very happily the writer's appreciation of child life.'—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

'We have rarely met, on such a modest scale, with characters so ably and simply drawn . . . The merits of the volume, in themselves not small, are much enhanced by some clever illustrations from the pencil of Mrs. Allingham.'—*Athenæum*.

'The tone of the book is pleasant and healthy, and singularly free from that sentimental, not to say "mawkish," stain which is apt to disfigure such productions. The illustrations by Mrs. Allingham add a special attraction to the little volume.'—*Times*.

'It is scarcely necessary to say that Mrs. Ewing's book is one of the best of the year.'—*Saturday Review*.

'There is in it not only a great deal of common sense, but there is true humour. . . . We have not met a healthier or breezier tale for girls for a long period.'—*Academy*.

By Mrs. Ewing—Continued.

JAN OF THE WINDMILL; a Story of the Plains. With 11 Illustrations by HELEN ALLINGHAM. Crown 8vo. 8s. 6d.

'A capital story, which, like all that Mrs. Ewing gives us, will be read with pleasure. . . . Some well-drawn illustrations materially increase the attractiveness of the volume.'—*City Press*.

By Mrs. O'Reilly.

'Mrs. O'Reilly's works need no commendation . . . the style is so good, the narrative so engrossing, and the tone so excellent.'—*John Bull*.

LITTLE PRESCRIPTION, and other Tales. With 6 Illustrations by W. H. PETHERICK and others. 16mo. 2s. 6d.

'A worthy successor of some charming little volumes of the same kind. . . . The tale from which the title is taken is for its grace and pathos an especial favourite.'—*Spectator*.

'Mrs. O'Reilly could not write otherwise than well, even if she were to try.'—*Morning Post*.

CICELY'S CHOICE. A Story for Girls. With a Frontispiece by J. A. PASQUIER. Fcap. 8vo. gilt edges, 3s. 6d.

'A pleasant story. . . . It is a book for girls, and grown people will also enjoy reading it.'—*Athenæum*.

'A pleasant, well-written, interesting story, likely to be acceptable to young people who are in their teens.'—*Scotsman*.

GILES'S MINORITY; or, Scenes at the Red House. With 8 Illustrations. 16mo. 2s. 6d.

'In one of our former reviews we praised "Deborah's Drawer." "Giles's Minority" no less deserves our goodwill. It is a picture of school-room life, and is so well drawn that grown-up readers may delight in it. In literary excellence this little book is above most of its fellows.'—*Times*.

DOLL WORLD; or, Play and Earnest. A Study from Real Life. With 8 Illustrations. By C. A. SALTMARSH. 16mo. 2s. 6d.

'It is a capital child's book, and it has a charm for grown-up people also, as the fairy haze of "long-ago" brightens every page. We are not ashamed to confess to the "thrilling interest" with which we followed the history of "Robertina" and "Mabel."'—*Athenæum*.

DEBORAH'S DRAWER. With 9 Illustrations. 16mo. 2s. 6d.

'Any godmammy who wishes to buy an unusually pretty and artistically-written gift-book for an eight-year-old pet cannot do better than spend a florin or two on the contents of "Aunt Deborah's Drawer."'—*Athenæum*.

DAISY'S COMPANIONS; or, Scenes from Child Life.

A Story for Little Girls. With 8 Illustrations. 16mo. 2s. 6d.

'If anybody wants a pretty little present for a pretty (and good) little daughter, or a niece or grand-daughter, we cannot recommend a better or tastier one than "Daisy's Companions."'—*Times*.

Captain Marryat's Books for Boys.

Uniform Illustrated Edition, neatly bound in clo: h, post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each; gilt edges, 4s. 6d.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>POOR JACK. With Sixteen Illustrations after Designs by CLARKSON STANFIELD, R.A.</p> <p>THE MISSION; or, Scenes in Africa. With Illustrations by JOHN GILBERT.</p> <p>THE PIRATE, AND THREE CUTTERS. Illustrated with Twenty Steel Engravings from Drawings by CLARKSON STANFIELD, R.A. With a Memoir of the Author.</p> | <p>THE SETTLERS IN CANADA. With Illustrations by GILBERT and DALZIEL.</p> <p>THE PRIVATEER'S MAN. Adventures by Sea and Land in Civil and Savage Life One Hundred Years Ago. Illustrated with Eight Steel Engravings.</p> <p>MASTERMAN READY; or, the Wreck of the Pacific. Embellished with Ninety-three Engravings on Wood.</p> |
|---|--|

A BOY'S LOCKER. A Smaller Edition of Captain Marryat's Books for Boys, in 12 vols. Fcap. 8vo. in a compact cloth box, 21s.

By Hans Christian Andersen.

FAIRY TALES AND SKETCHES. Translated by C. C. PEACHEY, H. WARD, A. PLESNER, &c. With 104 Illustrations by OTTO SPECKTER and others. Crown 8vo. 6s.

'The translation most happily hits the delicate quaintness of Andersen—most happily transposes into simple English words the tender precision of the famous story-teller; in a keen examination of the book we scarcely recall a single phrase or turn that obviously could have been bettered.'—*Daily Telegraph*.

TALES FOR CHILDREN. With 48 Full-page Illustrations by WEHNERT, and 57 Small Engravings on Wood by W. THOMAS. A new Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.

This and the above volume form the most complete English Edition of Andersen's Tales.

LATER TALES. Translated from the Danish by AUGUSTA PLESNER and H. WARD. With Illustrations by OTTO SPECKTER, W. COOPER, and other Artists. Cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

WONDER WORLD. A Collection of Fairy Tales, Old and New. Translated from the French, German, and Danish. With 4 Coloured Illustrations and numerous Woodcuts by L. RICHTER, OSCAR PLETSCH, and others. Royal 16mo. cloth, gilt edges, 3s. 6d.

'It will delight the children, and has in it a wealth of wisdom that may be of practical service when they have grown into men and women.'—*Literary World*.

GUESSING STORIES; or, The Surprising Adventures of the Man with the Extra Pair of Eyes. By the late Archdeacon FREEMAN. 3rd Edition. 2s. 6d.

GRIMM'S GAMMER GRETHEL; or, German Fairy Tales and Popular Stories. Translated by EDGAR TAYLOR. Numerous Woodcuts after G. CRUIKSHANK'S designs. Post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

LITTLE PLAYS FOR LITTLE PEOPLE; with Hints for Drawing-room Performances. By Mrs. CHISHOLM, Author of 'Rana, the Story of a Frog.' 16mo. with Illustrations, 2s. 6d.

ROBINSON CRUSOE. With a Biographical Account of DEFOE. Illustrated with 70 Wood Engravings, chiefly after Designs by HARVEY; and 12 Engravings on Steel after STOTHARD. Post 8vo. 5s.

KIRSTIN'S ADVENTURES. A Story of Jutland Life. By the Author of 'Casimir the Little Exile,' &c. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

'There is so much true art and natural talent in the book that we are half inclined to take it away from the boys and girls for whom it is written.'—*Times*.

KATIE; or, the Simple Heart. By D. RICHMOND, Author of 'Annie Maitland.' Illustrated by M. I. BOOTH. 2nd Edition. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

'The family life which surrounds Katie is both pretty and natural. The tone is good, and the plot—we speak from experience—engages a child's interest with almost too keen a sympathy.'—*Guardian*.

QUEENS OF ENGLAND from the Norman Conquest. By A. STRICKLAND. An Abridged Edition, with Portrait of Matilda of Flanders. In 1 vol. crown 8vo. cloth, 6s. 6d.

INSECT ARCHITECTURE. By RENNIE. Edited by the Rev. J. G. WOOD, Author of 'Homes Without Hands.' Post 8vo. with nearly 200 Illustrations, 5s.

GLIMPSES INTO PET-LAND. By the Rev. J. G. WOOD, M.A., F.L.S. With Frontispiece. Fcap. 3s. 6d.

FRIENDS IN FUR AND FEATHERS. By GWYNFRYD. Illustrated with 8 Full-page Engravings by F. W. KEYL, &c. 3rd Edition. Handsomely bound, 3s. 6d.

'We have already characterised some other book as the best cat-and-dog book of the season. We said so because we had not seen the present little book, which is delightful. It is written on an artistic principle, consisting of actual biographies of certain elephants, squirrels, blackbirds, and what not, who lived in the flesh; and we only wish that human biographies were always as entertaining and instructive.'—*Saturday Review*.

THE ENTERTAINING NATURALIST. By MRS. LOUDON. Revised and enlarged by W. S. DALLAS, F.L.S. With nearly 500 Illustrations. Post 8vo. 5s.

ANECDOTES OF DOGS. By EDWARD JESSE. With Illustrations. Post 8vo. cloth, 5s. With 34 Steel Engravings after COOPER, LANDSEER, &c. 7s. 6d.

NATURAL HISTORY OF SELBORNE. By GILBERT WHITE. Edited by JESSE. Illustrated with 40 Engravings. Post 8vo. 5s.; or, with the Plates Coloured, 7s. 6d.

CHARADES, ENIGMAS, AND RIDDLES. Collected by a Cantab. 5th Edition, enlarged. Illustrated. Fcap. 8vo. 1s.

POETRY - BOOK FOR SCHOOLS. Illustrated with 37 highly finished Engravings by C. W. COPE, R.A., W. HELMSLEY, S. PALMER, F. SKILL, G. THOMAS, and H. WEIR. Crown 8vo. gilt, 2s. 6d.; cloth, 1s.

GILES WITHERNE; or, the Reward of Disobedience. A Village Tale for the Young. By the Rev. J. P. PARKINSON, D.C.L. 6th Edition. Illustrated by the Rev. F. W. MANN. Super-royal 16mo. 1s.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. By JOHN BUNYAN. With 281 Engravings from Designs by WILLIAM HARVEY. Post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

OLD NURSERY RHYMES AND CHIMES. Collected and arranged by a Peal of Bells. Fcap. 4to. Ornamental binding, 2s. 6d.

NURSERY CAROLS. By the Rev. Dr. MONSELL, Rector of St. Nicholas, Guildford, with upwards of 100 Illustrations by LUDWIG RICHTER and OSCAR PLETSCH. Imp. 16mo. 3s. 6d.

'At once a poet and a child lover, full of fun and yet disposed gently to instil what is good, Dr. Monsell is inimitable in this particular department.'--*John Bull*.

LONDON:

GEORGE BELL & SONS, YORK STREET,
COVENT GARDEN.



